

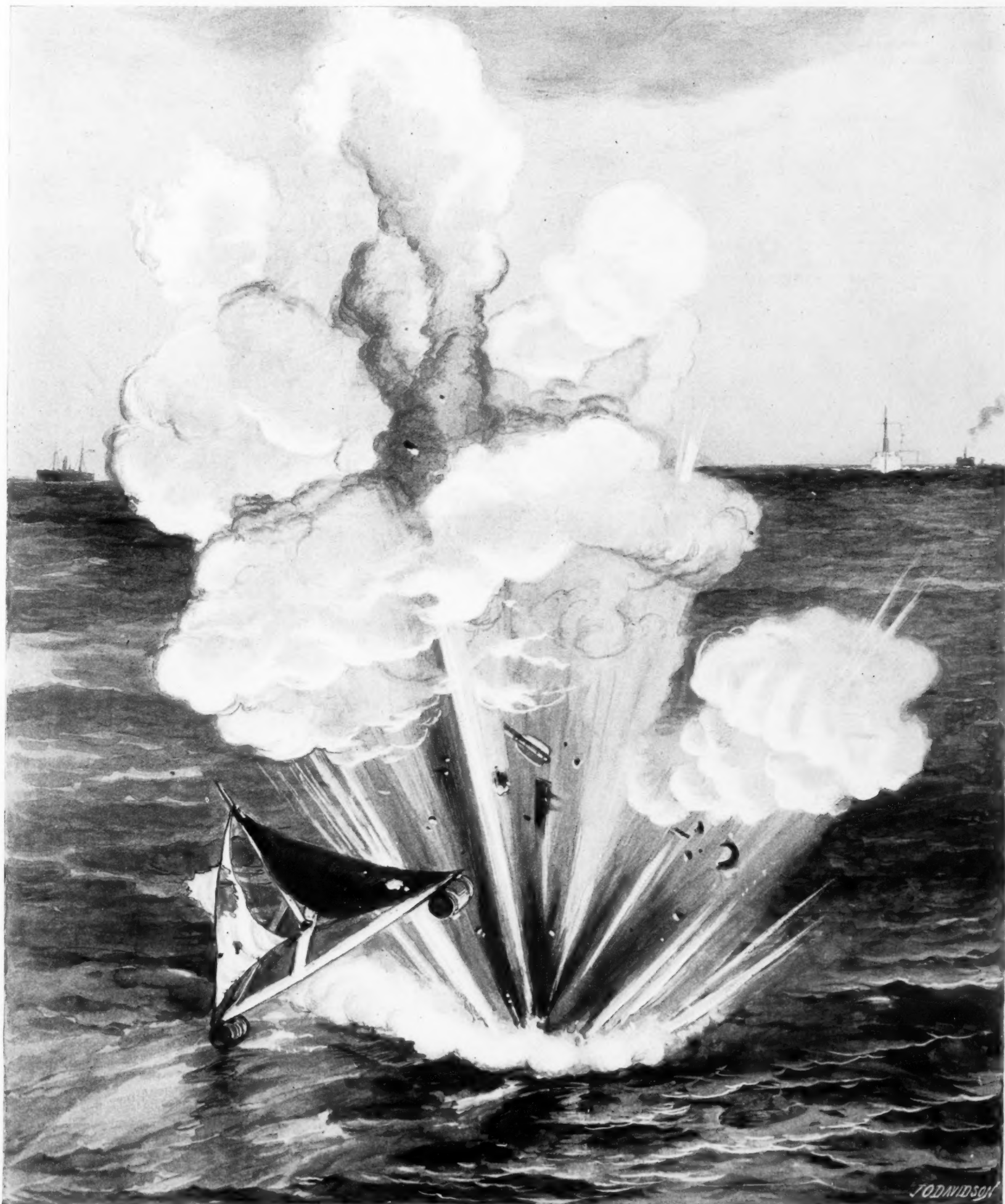
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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 16, 1893.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



"A huge black shell eight feet long, dressed in its centring pieces of yellow wood, rushed out into the clear air and disappeared like a phantom. A moment later it reappeared, emerging from the cloud of vapor that eclipsed it. Shaking off its gas-check and wooden runners, free and untrammelled, it rose to a height of six hundred feet and gracefully sped along, growing smaller and smaller until it became a mere speck and plunged into the water a mile away."—*New York Sun Report*.

FIRING TESTS OF THE DYNAMITE CRUISER "VESUVIUS," AT PORT ROYAL HARBOR, SOUTH CAROLINA.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 103.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 16, 1893.

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PHOTOGRAPH OF BABY RUTH.

THERE was such a demand for the issue of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY which contained the handsome picture of Mrs. Cleveland and Baby Ruth that the edition was exhausted within a few days of the day of publication. The publishers, in response to requests from all over the country for the picture, have had photographs made from the original sketch by the well-known photographers, Pach Brothers, of New York. These photographs are cabinet size, and are exceedingly good portraits of little Miss Cleveland and her popular mother. They will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 CENTS EACH.

The money received from the sale of these photographs will be donated by FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY to some children's charitable institution in New York City, and such donation might most appropriately be considered in the light of a contribution by her many friends in honor of the "little mistress of the White House."

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110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE HAWAIIAN QUESTION.



of a people who are comparatively defenseless against stronger nations, and it must on every account receive careful consideration. We must have all the facts in the case before determining upon a definite and final policy.

In the first place, we must know whether the revolution was a spontaneous and natural expression of popular opinion in the islands. We must know whether the provisional government, which was hastily formed, actually represents the people. As to this point there seems to be some reason for doubt. It is stated, upon what appears to be intelligent authority, that while some of the so-called "better class" favor annexation to the United States, the natives of the islands are for the most part in sympathy with the deposed queen. Exact information on this point must be had. We must, in the next place, know whether the provisional government will be able to maintain itself in the exercise of the functions of a distinct political sovereignty. Obviously there must be such a government at Honolulu as will be capable of maintaining order and affording ample protection and security to personal rights and to commercial interests. We cannot afford to surrender these islands to anarchy and misrule, any more than we could afford, in common with Germany and Great Britain, to surrender Samoa to internecine disorder.

When all the facts in the case bearing upon these vital points have been ascertained, what then ought the government of the United States to do? Is the annexation of these islands in any sense desirable? For our own part we cannot see that it is. The population of the islands, according to the latest statistics, amounts to about ninety thousand souls. This aggregate includes fifteen thousand Chinese, twelve thousand Japanese, and nearly nine thousand Portuguese. The natives generally are ignorant, and wholly unfitted for the responsibility of representative constitutional government. Most of the Chinese are coolies of the very lowest type, who have been brought to the islands under contract, and are altogether unprepared for citizenship. Are we prepared to swallow at one gulp this mass of ignorance? Obviously it would be impossible to assimilate this people to American ideas and institutions. The question of the control of immigration already taxes all the resources of our statesmanship. We are protesting against the admission of immigrants representing the effete civilizations of Europe. We are barring out the Chinese by national statute. How can we with any consistency, with

our laws as they now are, or with any regard for the public safety, justify ourselves in absorbing a population which is in every aspect of the case less fitted for assimilation than any class of immigrants who now come to us from abroad?

If it is not found wise to annex these islands, what then? The suggestion is that we might establish a protectorate. But this assumes our right to the exercise of a controlling authority, and that seems to us to be wholly inadmissible. Everything in the practice of our country is against such a precedent. It is wholly foreign to the traditions of American diplomacy, and, if it should be adopted, would prove an innovation most difficult of application and uncertain in results. The suggestion that the islands might be governed as a territory by commissioners appointed at Washington is equally inadmissible. We would involve ourselves by either course in immense perplexities at the cost of surrendering a policy which has been justified by long experience.

The only argument which so far has been advanced as a justification for the annexing of the islands or the establishment of some positive governmental authority over them is that their possession is necessary to the national defense. It is said that we cannot maintain our commerce in the Pacific unless we are able to control the Hawaiian Islands. The States and Territories which have outlets on the Pacific will, within two or three decades, have a population of many millions. Their agriculture, lumber, fisheries, and mineral wealth will supply constantly enlarging streams of commerce, making it, in the opinion of those who favor annexation, imperative that we should have such possessions in the Pacific as will enable us to maintain our supremacy against all competitors in the commercial world. As a vital step to this end we must have, it is argued, naval and supply stations for our merchant marine, as well as for our ships of war. There is some force in this argument. But it is to be remembered that as to Honolulu we already have a treaty which gives us the exclusive right to a naval station in Pearl River harbor. As yet, it is true, the government has not availed itself of this exclusive right, but if it is of such vital importance, as alleged, we can do so before the expiration of the treaty next year. It is not at all necessary to annex the islands, or to establish a protectorate in order to possess ourselves of a station at that point. And it is to be remembered on this general point that when it was proposed, years ago, to acquire San Domingo, on the ground that it was an important key to an adequate system of national defense, the proposition was rejected by the Senate with the approval of the country. As to the suggestion that we should absorb the islands because their possession is greatly desired by Great Britain, we fail to see its force. As a matter of fact, the British government has done nothing to justify a belief that it has any inordinate longing for this island group. Statements made in the British House of Commons go to show that it does not propose to interfere in any way with the existing situation with a view to acquiring predominance.

It is undoubtedly true that conditions have enormously changed since the original adoption of our policy concerning colonial expansion. Then our commerce was inconsiderable; now it reaches every sea and is a supreme factor of the national prosperity. Then the territorial domain did not include, as it does now, vast possessions on the Pacific coast. We were not then exposed in that quarter, as now, to peril from hostile Powers. But it is also true that this policy has been largely justified by the events of history, and that, on broad grounds, the same reasons which operated to procure its adoption exist to-day as ground for its continuance. We fail to see, upon a review of the whole case, how we can, with any propriety, interfere with the autonomy of the Hawaiian Islands. We are not bound to accede to their request, even if it should be unanimously made, for annexation. We are under no obligation to supply them a form of government, or to make ourselves responsible for the maintenance there of one form or another of local administration. Our utmost duty in the premises is to secure adequate protection for our own interests, and so far as may be, in the ordinary course of diplomacy, to prevent the establishment in the islands of any supremacy that would be avowedly hostile to us. What we need for the present is intelligent, careful, and considerate regard for justice and fair play, based upon the actual facts and conditions of the case.

THE BURCHARD INCIDENT.

THE death of Mr. Blaine has recalled attention to the famous Burchard incident, which more than anything else contributed to his defeat as a Presidential candidate. A variety of statements have been made as to this affair by participants in the testimonial which was paid him by the clergymen of this and adjacent cities, but none have touched the kernel of the case. It may be well to state the facts as coming from Mr. Blaine himself.

The reception took place at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on the morning of October 29th, 1884. Mr. Blaine was summoned to meet his visitors from a conference, which was then in progress, with a number of Republican leaders of the city. The morning had been a very busy one and full of annoyances. Mr. Blaine had been harassed by

the irruptions of second-rate politicians, against whom, as he said afterward, he ought to have been protected, and when, obedient to a summons, he presented himself to his visitors his mind was unwontedly preoccupied. He had no knowledge as to who was to be the spokesman of the clergymen who had come to pay him a marked tribute of respect. As a matter of fact, Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage, the distinguished Baptist divine, had been selected for that office, but, failing to appear, Dr. Burchard was at the last moment invited to act as his substitute. Of course there was no time for any methodical or set arrangement of ideas or phrases. Mr. Blaine, upon appearing, took his stand on the stairway which led to the parlor floor of the hotel. All the adjacent spaces were thronged with people. When at length Dr. Burchard addressed him he was still preoccupied—so absorbed with thought as to the weighty matters which had engaged the attention of the conference he had just quitted that the words spoken failed altogether to catch his attention. He scarcely heard the fatal phrase as to "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." It left no impression at all upon his mind, consequently his reply, which was framed on the instant, made no reference to it. Had it been clearly outlined to his consciousness, that reply would have embodied a distinct disclaimer of the sentiment to which his silence seemed to give consent. In stating the circumstances to the writer of this paragraph, he said, with emphasis: "I am a Protestant and a Presbyterian, but I would never permit any man, especially on a public occasion and in my presence, to speak disrespectfully of the religion of my mother." When, later, Judge Noah Davis and others called his attention to the unfortunate remark and expressed their fears that it would injure him, he expressed much concern, but refused to believe that the incident could have a determinative influence upon the election.

The fact is that Mr. Blaine always believed that his visit to New York at that stage of the canvass was a mistake. It was made in obedience to the urgent entreaties of party leaders here. His speeches in the West had made a profound impression, and all the conditions of the canvass were favorable to his success. He interpreted his summons here, and believed it would be so regarded by the public, as an evidence of alarm and doubt on the part of Republicans, and so would operate prejudicially to the party. His view as to the dinner which was tendered him, with perfectly friendly intent, by some of the very wealthy men of the city, was that it was also a mistake. He could not see the wisdom of such an ostentatious entertainment at a time when, as he remarked, hundreds of men were out of work and many of them feeling vainly in their pockets for a quarter of a dollar; and it was with the greatest reluctance that he attended this particular function. The result proved the correctness of his judgment. Had he been permitted, after completing his Western tour, to return to New England in the last stages of the canvass, as he had designed to do, the Burchard incident would never have occurred, and he would have been elected to the Presidency.

A TIMELY WARNING.

THE New York Sun evidently does not regard with favor the attempts of the Democratic leaders to escape the responsibility assumed by them as to a revision of the tariff. It reminds them that the pledges made in the late campaign were of a distinct and specific character, and that any attempt to "vary and depart from the doctrine then professed" will not only be unworthy of them and an insult to the people who have given them great majorities, but will certainly be productive of political disaster if not of the party overthrow. In a recent article, after declaring that the free-trade doctrine to which the party has committed itself is not the doctrine of thousands of Democratic statesmen to whom it has been accustomed to look for instruction, it proceeds to say:

"There must, then, be no evasion and no false pretenses respecting the tariff on the part of those who are charged with the duty of carrying out the wishes of the Democracy, and realizing the measures on which the people have pronounced. That duty is to remove from the statute-book and from the administration of the government every measure, every trace, every root and fibre of the protectionist policy. It must be dealt with just as any old thing should be dealt with, which the people have condemned as contrary to the Constitution. It must be extirpated. It must be made a matter of history only. The protectionist system must be extinguished, and the free-trade system must be established in its place. Anything short of this will be false to the platform of the Democratic party, and false to the pledges of those who have been elected to office by the ballots of its voters."

It is not at all probable that the incoming Democratic Congress will heed the advice of our contemporary. In fact, all the indications favor the conclusion that the party managers mean to play the coward and dodge the issue upon which they claim to have won the election. They are looking in all directions for some way of escape from the necessity of honest, consistent, and straightforward action. Even Mr. Cleveland, who during the recent canvass agonized and wept over the evils of protection and the miseries of our working-people, now seems quite content, if not, indeed, really anxious, to postpone the deliverance of the sufferers by the application of the methods which he has declared to be competent to cure every economic ill. There is little probability, therefore, that any

appeals like that we have quoted will make any sensible impression on the party leaders. But it is quite certain if they ignore the warning given them by the *Sun* and proceed upon the lines they are now marking out, utterly ignoring their pledges to the people, they will have speedy reason to lament their faithlessness and hypocrisy.

THE ILLINOIS ALIEN LAND LAW.

DURING an agitation provoked by the alleged outrages that a large alien land-owner named Scully committed upon his tenants in Illinois, the Legislature of that State enacted a law on the 16th of June, 1887, providing that "a non-resident alien shall not be capable of acquiring title to or holding any lands or real estate in this State by descent, devise, purchase, or otherwise." Although the belief has been that such a law was contrary to the spirit of American institutions, and would, in any legal contest over its constitutionality, receive judicial condemnation, the decision in two cases just passed upon by the Supreme Court of the State sustains its validity. In one case alien heirs and citizens of Bremen brought suit to get possession of their share of land left by a naturalized citizen of Illinois. The decision of the circuit court, confirmed by the supreme court, was in their favor, because an old treaty with the Hanse towns provides expressly that the citizens of both contracting parties shall be permitted to inherit lands lying within the jurisdiction of each. Consequently the treaty provision supersedes the alien-ownership provision of the statute. In the other case a sister and brother, residents of Baden and citizens of the German Empire, brought suit to secure their share of the landed estate of their brother, Alexander Wunderle, a naturalized citizen of Illinois. The widow pleaded in resistance the statute already mentioned. In confirming the decision of the circuit court in her favor on the ground that there was no treaty provision, as in the other case, to override the law of the State, the supreme court says: "Our statute of descent provides that if any intestate leaves a widow, or surviving husband, and no kindred, his or her estate shall descend to such widow or surviving husband. The kindred here referred to are evidently such kindred as are capable of inheriting. It not appearing that the deceased had any other kindred than his non-resident alien brother and sister, his widow is entitled to take the whole of the land in controversy. Our conclusion, upon the whole, is that the act of 1887 is a valid law in the respect herein indicated except as to those aliens who are relieved from the effect of its operation by existing treaties between the United States and the countries of which such aliens are citizens or subjects."

MR. CLEVELAND AND THE SILVER QUESTION.

THERE is no doubt that Mr. Cleveland is genuinely concerned regarding the attitude of the Democratic party as to the silver question. He realizes that the failure of the party to repeal the Sherman silver law would be most unfortunate for the business interests of the country, while it would at the same time greatly increase the difficulties and embarrassments of his administration. It is within the power of Democrats in the present Congress to suspend the coinage of silver and so relieve the public mind concerning this whole silver question. Their failure to do this will justly expose them to censure and reproach.

THE HAWAIIAN COMMISSION IN WASHINGTON.

It was less than an hour after the arrival of the Hawaiian Commission in Washington when I called on them at their hotel to obtain an interview with one or all of them, and to ask them to sit for a picture for FRANK LESLIE'S. I found that the ubiquitous photographer had been ahead of me, for Mr. Carter, the youngest member of the commission, said that the commission had been importuned immediately on its arrival to have a picture taken, and that the matter would be made a subject of conference that night.

The commission had established itself in a comfortable suite of rooms at Wormley's Hotel, which is within reaching distance of the White House, and not far from the State Department. Here it had prepared for a long siege. It is going to remain here until March 4th, unless something definite can be accomplished before that time; and when I called the merry click of the typewriter was already to be heard in the adjoining room.

Mr. Carter introduced me to the chairman of the commission, Mr. Thurston, and to his associates, Mr. Castle and Mr. Wilder. The fifth member of the commission—Mr. Marsden, the Englishman—was not present. He is the only member of the commission who is not a native-born Hawaiian. He finds amusement in the contemplation of the fact that he was born an Englishman, has lived a Hawaiian, and, he says, will die an American. It is one of the peculiar features of the commission that one of its members still holds allegiance to Great Britain, the country which is supposed to have the greatest interest in preventing the annexation of Hawaii by the United States.

Mr. Thurston is a man of medium size, with sallow complexion and very black hair and beard. Mr. Castle is a jolly-looking man, rather broad-shouldered and tall, with a square-cut red beard, touched with white. He wears glasses, and talks out of the side of his mouth. He looks like a physician with a large practice. Mr. Carter is of good height, inclined to embonpoint, with black hair combed well off his forehead, clear

eyes shaded by glasses, and a smooth cheek and chin of rosy tan. Mr. Wilder is of about the same size, but his features are large and his thin beard is white.

Mr. Carter, Mr. Castle, and Mr. Thurston are lawyers with large property interests. They are all native Hawaiians, or "white Hawaiians," as they are called in their native land. This distinguishes them from the black Hawaiian or the Hawaiian of mixed blood.

"We are what would be called in another country Creoles," said Mr. Carter. Mr. Carter's father was the Minister of Hawaii to the United States a few years ago.

I asked him if there were any social distinctions in Hawaii based on color. The statement had been published in the daily papers that the Hawaiian women who had married white men were afraid of annexation, and that their husbands and children dreaded it, too, from the belief that if Hawaii became a part of the United States the children of mixed blood would take the social position of the negro here.

"On the contrary," said Mr. Carter, when I proposed this question to him, "they are afraid that if Hawaii is not annexed caste will be established there. They regard annexation as the remedy for it. Already the question of color-distinction has been raised by demagogues, and has even been made an issue in elections. There is no distinction of class except that which is created by the social conditions of birth and early surroundings. If your father was an American and your mother was a Hawaiian woman you would take the same position there that your education and abilities now entitle you to here. But a strong effort is being made to establish a color line."

I had some curiosity to know what proportion of the people of Hawaii are white and what proportion native, and what property interests each class represents. There is an impression among some Americans that the case of the Hawaiians is very like that of our own Indians—that the white man is exterminating the race to get possession of its land.

"There are about twice as many natives as there are white people," said Mr. Carter in answer to my question, "and they own about nine-tenths of the property. About nine-tenths of what is held by white people is owned by Americans."

I asked Mr. Carter what truth, if any, there was in the story which had been published in some of the Republican newspapers that Mr. Cleveland knew of this intended revolution, and that he was chagrined that it had taken place before the time arranged, which was during his coming administration. The story was ingenious and not impossible, and it was credited by some of the most important Republican newspapers. Mr. Carter smiled at the suggestion.

"The queen would have had to be a party to that understanding," he said, "for the revolution came through her attempt to give the people a new constitution. It was wholly unexpected. In fact, the chain of events which preceded it was totally unexpected. The Lottery bill was put through Wednesday; the Cabinet was displaced by a vote of the Legislature Thursday; the new Cabinet was appointed Friday, and on Saturday the Queen proclaimed the new constitution. No one thought that the Lottery bill could be put through; none of us thought that the Queen could obtain the vote to displace the Cabinet. It was wholly unexpected by every one."

I asked Mr. Carter if the natives were represented in the old Cabinet.

"There were four white men in the Cabinet who were natives of Hawaii," he said, "one who was not a native but who had lived on the islands for thirty years, and one man of mixed blood. It was a very strong Cabinet. The Cabinet was appointed by the Queen. We elected only the Legislature, and if the Legislature voted want of confidence in the Cabinet a new one had to be appointed."

With a view to learning whether there was any danger that any other part of Hawaii would rise in favor of the Queen and against the provisional government, I asked Mr. Carter what the form of government was.

"There is really no other city except Honolulu," he said, "and no other town even. There are little settlements and they are policed, as is the whole of the island. Each district has a district police court, and a deputy sheriff who is in charge of the police. There is no municipal government—only the general government over the whole place."

"We do not know when we are going back," said Mr. Carter; "when we have accomplished something, I suppose. If we do not do that by March 4th I suppose there is nothing to be expected before Congress meets in December."

"We have seen a good many newspaper men since we came to America," said Mr. Castle. "We have been interviewed all the way across the continent. One reporter, who got on the train at Omaha, insisted that we did not have to cross the Mississippi on our way to Washington." Mr. Castle smiled at the remembrance. "No; he wasn't an Omaha reporter," he said, in answer to a suggestion. "He was a Chicago reporter who was sent out to meet and interview us."

The attentions of the newspaper men were redoubled after the commission arrived in Washington; for every one of the one hundred newspaper correspondents and local reporters made it his especial business to obtain from the commissioners "exclusive" information about the sensation of the hour. It was as well that I called before the commission had had an opportunity to see Secretary Foster of the State Department. The morning after my visit Mr. Foster placed the seal of silence on the lips of the commissioners, and after that time they were practically non-interviewable.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

THE RESULT OF THE LITERARY CONTEST.

THE MISSING WORD—"WANDERER."

THE first of our series of word contests closes successfully with 618 persons participating, each of whom contributed twenty-five cents as an entrance-fee. It was not until the last two weeks of the contest that this big country of ours seemed to have become aroused and thoroughly interested in the amusing and instructive word-supplying fad which has so recently taken all Great Britain by storm. In that superlatively conservative country more than two hundred thousand persons were entered in one of these contests. The LESLIE fully expects before it gets through with its series to have one which will equal the English one in point of numbers and interest. In the present contest the larger number of competitors sent in their coupons at nearly the last moment; one gentleman in San Francisco going to the trouble of telegraphing his entry in order not to be too late. A large number were too late, having sent in their coupons and entrance-fees after the time for closing the contest. These latter were all returned to the senders.

Form No. 1.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

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THOS. T. ECKERT, General Manager.

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The paragraph to which the missing word was to be supplied was an extract from the "Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Walter Scott," being found in the preface to "Auchincloss; or, The Ayrshire Tragedy," second paragraph, page 166, of the edition published by Alden, 1884. The paragraph complete reads as follows:

"He knew, besides, that his powerful friends, who would have interceded for him had his offense been merely burning a house or killing a neighbor, would not plead or stand by him in so pitiful a concern as the slaughter of this wretched wanderer."

The following contestants supplied the missing word correctly, and are each entitled to one-sixth of the total of the entrance-fees: Jesse H. Bourne, South Street, Foxboro, Massachusetts; G. C. Hubbard, 41 Main Street, Lyndon Centre, Vermont; B. J. Hubbard, 32 Broadway, Lyndon Centre, Vermont; W. S. Harris, 10 Main Street, Lyndon Centre, Vermont; Arthur Millard, lock-box 132, Pana, Illinois; D. O. Witmer, Hillsboro, Illinois.

A cheque for \$25.75 has been mailed to each of the above addresses. The next contest, announcement of which is to follow, promises to be even more successful than the present one, as in almost every instance the participants in the one just closed have asked that they be apprised early of the terms of future competitions in order that their names might be entered therein, and those not entering for lack of time have requested that a second one be started; so that we are confident that the new contest will have several thousand interested participants.

LITERARY CONTEST NO. 2.

ANOTHER MISSING-WORD COMPETITION.

For the benefit of those unfamiliar with these competitions, we repeat to some extent the wording of our first announcement. These word competitions have been the rage in England, and have in some instances been participated in by over 200,000 persons, each person contributing a shilling entrance-fee, and the total amount of the entrance-fees of the 200,000 or more participants being divided equally among those who supplied the missing word. In such cases some one hundred or more successful "word suppliers" received nearly \$500 each.

Here are the terms of the present contest: Each person who wishes to try to supply the missing word in the paragraph that will presently follow must cut out the "Missing-Word Coupon" on this page of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, and with name and address and the missing word plainly written in the proper blank spaces, send the same to this office, together with twenty-five cents in postage-stamps or currency. The total of the entrance-fees will be divided equally among those who correctly supply the missing word. This coupon will be printed in the paper each week until the close of the contest. The contest closes at noon May 1st, and no coupons can be received after that date and hour.

This is the paragraph, which is a quotation from a well-known American author, whose works are to be found in every public, and almost every private, library:

"He has ——— the beard of the King of Spain."

Competitors may make as many attempts as they choose, but each attempt must be made on a coupon taken from this paper and accompanied by the entrance-fee of twenty-five cents.

In addition to their pro-rata shares of the total amount of money received, the LESLIE will give the three persons first sending in the correct word \$25, \$15, and \$10 respectively—the first receiving \$25, the second \$15, and the third \$10. To each of the first one hundred persons sending in coupons (whether successful or not), it will give the LESLIE photograph of "Mrs. Cleveland and Baby Ruth."

THE MISSING-WORD COUPON.

Entrance-fee to the contest, twenty-five cents in currency or stamps. Cut this coupon out, fill up the blanks, and with the entrance-fee post it to the Arkell Weekly Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Name.....

Street.....

Post Office.....

Missing word.....

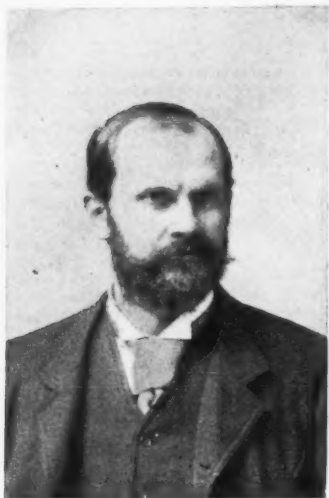
February 16th, 1893.

In order that there may be no doubt as to the legality of these contests we append the following official letter, received by the publishers of the LESLIE:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., December 22d, 1892.

"DEAR SIR:—General Tynar is absent in New York; hence, I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 21st instant. The modified advertisement of your 'Missing-word Contest' seems to comply in every particular with the suggestions made by the assistant attorney-general in his letter of the 20th instant. The scheme as it now stands does not in any wise conflict with the provisions of the lottery law.

Very respectfully,
R. W. HAYNER,
Acting Assistant Attorney-General."



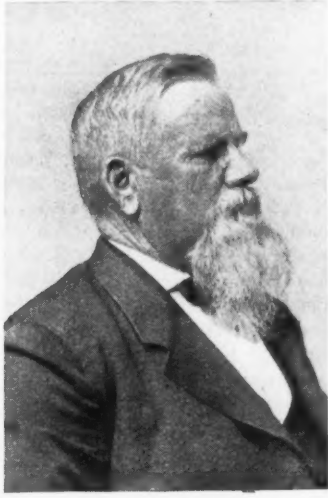
LORRIN A. THURSTON.



WILLIAM R. CASTLE.



JOSEPH MARSDEN.



WILLIAM C. WILDER.



C. L. CARTER.

THE HAWAIIAN COMMISSIONERS.



HULA GIRLS.



NATIVE HOUSE.



VOLCANO OF MAUNA-LOA.



LAVA FROM VOLCANO.

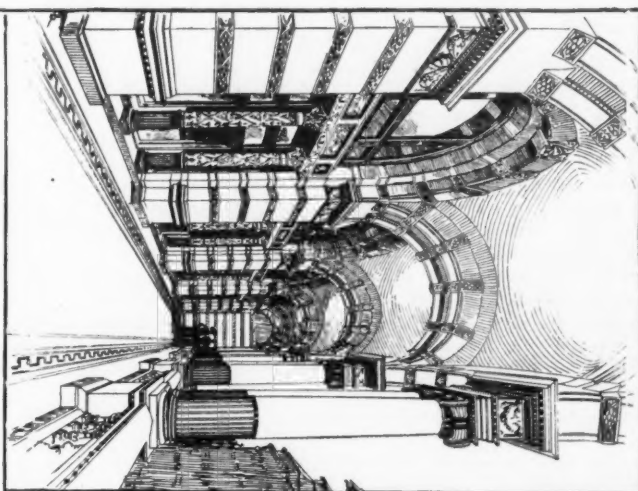


NATIVE GRASS HOUSE.

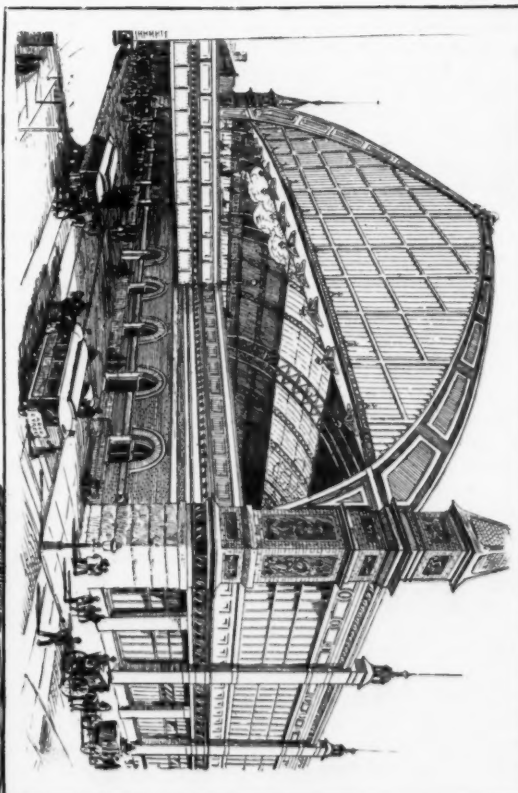


AN AMERICAN HOME.

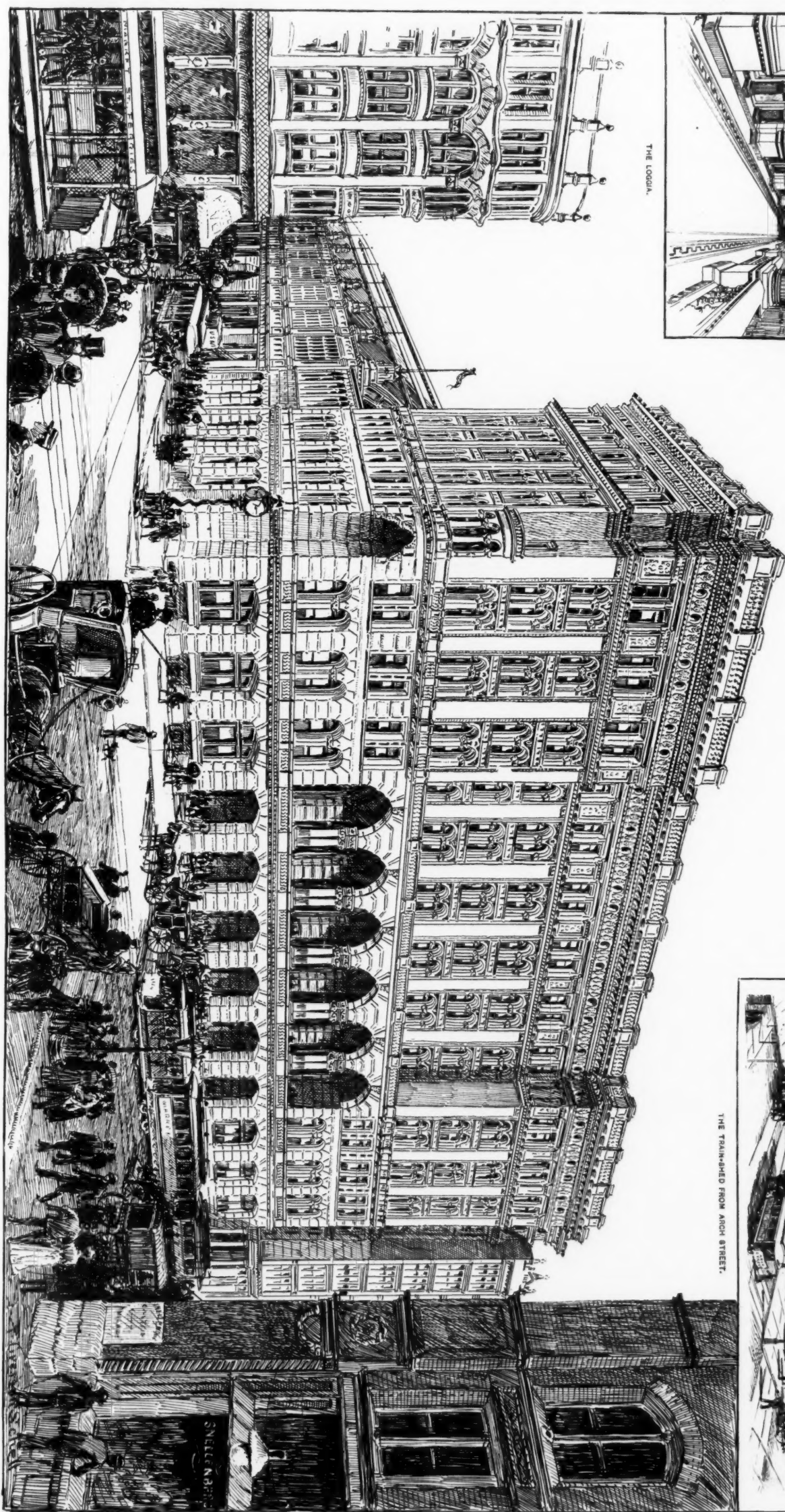
SHALL WE ANNEX HAWAII?—CHARACTERISTIC SCENES IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE ARTICLE ON EDITORIAL PAGE.]



THE LOGGIA.



THE TRAIN-SHED FROM ARCH STREET.



THE NEW TERMINAL STATION OF THE READING RAILROAD COMPANY AT TWELFTH AND MARKET STREETS, PHILADELPHIA. NOW NEARING COMPLETION.—DRAWN BY F. OERSSON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 106.]

THE PIANO THAT STAYED.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM

WHAT is there about the shuffling of feet on the stairs, the jarring of something heavy against balustrade and wall, and the confused sound of men's voices giving and repudiating directions, which makes a poor slave of the pen always suspect that a piano is being moved into the room next his own? I suppose it is that ever-present dread of the worst possible contingency, which haunts every one of us according to our varying conditions and liabilities. At any rate, it was the first ominous thought which flashed into my mind, one winter afternoon, when I started up from the half-finished plot of a story to listen breathlessly at my door.

Good heavens! It was—it must be—a piano coming up the stairs! Nothing else could cause such deep-throated, sincere profanity on the part of the expressmen. Nothing else could grate so fiendishly against the wall. Nothing else could cause such a protesting shudder of the whole story when it was let down for a moment's rest upon the stairway. Moved by a terrible foreboding, I opened my door and looked out. One glance was sufficient. I turned back with a sickening sensation, dropped pen and paper, and sank into the nearest chair. For a moment I sat in utter, paralyzed silence. Then a groan came laboring from the most cavernous recesses of my being. Why should Fortune spite me so? Here it had driven me to the last resort of poverty, an attic chamber in a city lodging-house—an altitude, I had fondly consoled myself with believing, far above the rose-wood or mahogany timber-line—and now, with heartless irony, she must needs send a piano up four flights, to torment, frustrate, and, possibly drive me to insanity. It was maddening! I leaped up and wildly paced my little chamber. Then I stood before the dim, soiled square of mirror and swore until I could fairly see a blue tinge percolating through the atmosphere between my distorted face and its distorted image in the glass.

Presently I went to the closet and took down something which had been hanging there, unmolested, ever since I became a tenant of the room—unmolested, because until now it had possessed absolutely no interest for me. It was an old, discolored trombone, probably left there by the last tenant in the haste of his impecunious departure. I held it in my hands now and gazed upon it grimly, yet approvingly. It might turn out to be a friend in need.

The piano was at length gotten into the next room. I heard them setting it upon its legs; I heard the cover raised and the rack tossed back; I heard the cascading of two feminine hands from the misty, spray-like notes of the treble down to the great roaring, seething gulf of the bass.

Now I had known for three months that there was a girl in that next room. I had heard her whistling, now and then, and had sometimes allowed myself to picture to myself (in idle moments) the puckered-rose-bud of her mouth. I had heard her singing, and talking to her canary, and sliding in and out the drawers of her bureau, and, occasionally, pirouetting in some girlish mood across the floor. I will not deny that it was rather pleasant to me than otherwise, to have this fair being perceptibly, yet never intrusively, near me. I had never seen her face, however, nor indeed felt any overwhelming desire to do so; and as for making her acquaintance, that seemed so utterly impossible that I never once seriously thought of it. Oceans cannot separate two shy young people of opposite sexes more effectually than a lodging-house wall. We never met upon the stairs; we never seemed to go out and in at the same time. We might have dwelt, the one in Hindostan and the other in Labrador, and been no less cordial strangers.

But here was this piano—and the fair unknown was henceforth to be my tormentor instead of my hovering angel. I ground my teeth. I clinched the trombone savagely. It should be nip and tuck between us, then,—a veritable war of the Muses!

That evening, as I sat at my table working hopefully on the plotted story (for all was as yet quiet in the next room), there came a timid tap at my door.

"Come in!" I called, rather petulantly, for I was *in medias res* and abnormally sensitive. But no one came in. Then it suddenly dawned upon me that this untimely caller might not be my landlady or my washerwoman, after all, but my

timid little musical neighbor, whose good breeding showed itself in patiently waiting till I should come and open to her the door. I sprang up, very nearly oversetting the inkstand, and hurried across the floor. A few curious jumps of the heart, for an unsentimental fellow like myself, a mere twist of the knob—and the three months' mystery was a mystery no longer. I stood face to face with the girl who lived on the other side of the wall.

"Petite? Yes—no. She was as tall as I, but so slender, so fair, so girlish, you might have had wild thoughts of picking her up and kissing her—if you had been her uncle."

"I have had my piano sent from home," she said, "and the men have put it in this afternoon. It is so lonely without music! I hope my playing will not disturb you? I felt as if I ought to come and ask."

"Oh, no!—that is—not in the least," I stammered. "I—I do nothing but write, and—besides, I have my trombone, and while you are playing I can—"

"Oh!" Her lovely face clouded.

"Certainly, you know. I suppose I ought to—"

"But I haven't heard you practice a single bit on the trombone, so far."

"No; the fact is I have been very busy."

"And you write *all* the time?"

"Yes, miss."

"Oh, I am so sorry!"

She turned away without another word and went into her own room, while I closed my door, feeling like a fool and a brute. The story advanced no further that night, though it was very still in the next room.

For two days I neither heard the piano nor saw my fair neighbor. Then, just as I was putting the finishing touches to my oft-interrupted manuscript, there came faintly to my ear, as if from infinite distances, the chords of a familiar accompaniment. For a few minutes I worked bravely on, supposing that the music came from a piano across the street, which had been wont to worry me at a safe distance. Then the stream of thought suddenly ceased to flow, and I rose and put my ear to the wall. It was gently vibrating. The girl in the next room was playing her piano, *but she was pressing with all her might on the soft pedal.*

I would rather she had thundered forth fortissimo! It was as exasperating as a half-heard whisper. A wave of vexation swept over me, and almost before I knew what I was doing I had the old trombone down and the mouthpiece against my lips. In other days I had learned to play "Home, Sweet Home" upon the cornet (a song whose sentiment the performance did much to discount, in my locality), and wind instruments were not altogether a mystery to me. My mouth adjusted itself to the cup-like aperture—I drew a moderate breath, and—

Merciful St. Cecilia! Who would have supposed the confounded thing had such an accumulation of brazen clamor stored away in its rusty convolutions? I stepped back aghast and looked at the wall as if I expected it to stretch forth a feminine hand at once and box my ears. Then I tip-toed to the closet and softly hung the old trombone on its peg once more. But the muffled pulsations of the piano had ceased also, and I could only hear the mice scampering and squeaking in the wall.

Next day, just as I was about to sally forth for lunch, came shuffling afresh upon the stairway, and then a knock at my door. I opened it and stood in the shadow of a whiskered son of Erin six feet tall.

"Shure, is this the room where the pianny is?" he demanded.

"What do you want of it?" I asked.

"Want av it? Indade, the lady towld us to move it away, sor."

"Well, you sha'n't do any such thing!" I said, decisively and emphatically. "Here's a dollar for your trouble, but the lady's piano shall not be moved."

A broad smile extended itself like a bow-string from tip to tip of the fringe of chin-whiskers.

"Bedad, b'ys, this do be a dacently 'asy an' well-paid job!" he exclaimed, as he backed off among his fellows. "Good-mornin' to ye, sor, an' many more av the same kind av jobs may ye be givin' us!" And the eight feet shuffled jubilantly down-stairs again.

At five o'clock there came a little tripping step along the landing below. I was waiting for it. I knew about what time the little girl

came in—most likely from teaching school somewhere all day long (dreary prospect!). As she came up the stairs I opened my door. A quick, upward glance, followed by a vivid flaming of the girlish cheeks.

"Well, my piano is gone!" she cried. "I think you are just as—"

Here she choked and burst into tears. Then she made a dash for her door.

"Beg pardon, but I think you will find yourself mis—"

"Oh!"

The piano was still there—her dear old piano!

"Didn't the men come, after all?" she asked, turning to me, half-radiant, half-tearful, like a rose in a sun-shower.

"Yes, they came, but—I sent them away."

"You did? Why, I thought you *hated* my piano!"

"I don't. What made you think so?"

"Oh—a good many things. Especially that one note you played on your trombone."

The remembrance was too much. I burst into a shout of laughter, in which, after a struggle which cost her all her remaining indignation, the owner of the piano joined.

"You weren't angry, then?" she returned.

"Only at myself."

"And I really sha'n't disturb you if I play a little while in the evening?"

"Not if I may come in occasionally and listen. A blank wall takes so much of the color out of music!"

"Really? Do you think that is true of wind instruments?"

All this was three years ago—three years advanced on heaven's credit! And now the girl who lived in the next room and the piano that stayed are—

But a soft hand has stolen over the old, old finis, and a pair of gentle lips against my cheek are murmuring, "Dearest, haven't you told them quite enough?"

ANOTHER TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY.

ON Friday, the sixth day of January, the solitudes of the Cascade Mountains of Washington were the scene of a historic event: the driving of the last spike on the Great Northern Railway. Thirteen miles below the summit of Stevens Pass, on the western slope, in the valley of the Skykomish, the track-layers working westward on that day reached the end of the track that had been laid eastward from Puget Sound. The only officials present were General Superintendent C. Shields and Superintendent J. D. Farrell. As the last rail was brought forward by the workmen and laid in position these gentlemen took spike-mauls from the spikers' hands and with alternate blows drove home the last spike. It was not golden but only iron. So unpretentiously was it done that the laborers ten rods away were not aware of it until the little group on the spot set up a wild hurrah. The engineers took the cue and the hoarse whistles of the great engines sounded through the cañon of the Skykomish, mingled with the shouts of two hundred laborers. But this little demonstration was as nothing compared to the terrific boom of cannonading which soon rolled through the cañon. For some minutes the reverberations thundered down on the astonished spike-drivers. It proved to be a succession of blasts, prepared and set for the occasion in the tunnel above, which is still under construction.

HOW THE RAILROAD WAS BUILT.

The last day of track-laying at the front was one of feverish haste, like many that had preceded it. The work-train is a mighty machine of men and mechanism, and yet simple and effective. It is composed of flat cars loaded with ties and rails, with two heavy engines at the rear end. The engines have tank-cars attached, for there is no going back for water when the day's work is begun; it is then steady pushing to the front through all the short daylight hours. On either side of the train, projecting outward a foot and a half, are roller-slides on such an incline as to be high above the car platforms at the rear end of the train and reach down close to the grade at the front end. Ties on the right side and rails on the left, put on the slides by the workmen, move forward in a steady procession. There are files of men who take each tie as it comes to hand at the front, carry it ahead a few paces and lay it in position, then return for another, with the regularity of a troop of soldiers making evolutions forward and back. As the rails come from the slides, with rivets and bars already set, trained men seize and drop them with a clang on the newly-laid ties just in front of the wheels of the advancing car. A screw is turned, a few spikes are driven simul-

taneously. Up goes the red flag on a long pole held by the signal-man standing on an elevated platform on the "pioneer" car, as it is called, at the front end of the train; the huge engines up the grade puff convulsively, and the train moves forward the space of one rail. The track-layers pick up their tools and march ahead in single file. All the while the ties are running out with the regularity of a saw-mill log-feeder, and the tie-men are hurrying to and fro like dock-hands unloading a ship. The red flag drops. The train stops with a jerk. Another rail is already being pulled off and carried forward. So it goes all day long.

Ahead of the tie-men, stepping slowly backward and viewing with keen eye every movement of the operation, is Foreman Benson, who has laid more track than any man in the world—six thousand miles. Two hundred yards down the grade is the gang of three hundred snow-shovelers. Their dark, moving forms can be dimly seen through the cloudy air. The dense forest of Washington firs stands like a barricading wall on either side of the grade, above and below, to penetrate fifty feet within which is to become immured in a dark, dank solitude, so complete that not a bird, beast, or insect takes habitation or shelter therein.

The long work-train, with its men, material, and apparatus, completely fills the space between the snow-walls two feet on either side. For several rods behind the rear engine the new-laid track swarms with the spikers, who are playing a tremendous anvil chorus. Close upon them is the wire-car, from which is slowly unrolled a Western Union line. Thump! goes a timber on the hillside above, and a pole has fallen into its rocky hole, and a man with spurs is already climbing up with the wire and insulator. It is easy in this Western country to go beyond the United States mail, but it is hard to get ahead of the telegraph.

HISTORY OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

What is this railroad in the far Northwest, called the Great Northern, of which people in other parts of the country know so little?

It is a great system composed of many lines. It starts from Duluth and West Superior, at the head of Lake Superior, and runs to St. Paul over the Eastern Minnesota Railroad. From St. Paul northward to the Red River valley it is called the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba, or, more familiarly, "Jim Hill's Manitoba Road." This part was built twelve years ago for the Winnipeg and Manitoba trade. When our reciprocal relations with that rich province were cut off, some seven years ago, this road was impelled to seek new and unexplored regions westward along our northern boundary. It took a course midway between the Northern Pacific and the Canadian Pacific, and one hundred and fifty miles from either. The Northern Pacific ten years ago opened up South Dakota, southern Montana and southern Washington; while the Great Northern is now developing North Dakota, northern Montana and northern Washington—two belts of country that are as distinct as the valleys of the Hudson and Connecticut. Eight years ago the "Manitoba" Railroad began to push westward from Grand Forks, North Dakota. It had neither land-grants nor subsidies, and has been built by private capital. In 1887 it reached Montana and threw out a branch into the central part of the State, tapping the rich mining regions of Butte and Helena. This was known as the Montana Central. After building that branch a period of two or three years elapsed before construction work on the Pacific extension was undertaken. During this time exploring and engineering parties were locating the line westward to Spokane. It was hard and slow work, for it was through an unknown country. No wagon-road had ever been built through northwestern Montana and northern Idaho. There were only scattered and widely-separated trails of Indians, traders, trappers, and prospectors. These could be used only for "pack outfits." It was a country of high mountains and deep valleys, cañons, rivers and forests, that presented barriers at every step.

In 1890 the line was carried over the plains to Blackfoot, at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and then the tracks pushed up to the summit of the Rocky Mountains on Morias Pass, 5,200 feet above sea-level—the lowest pass over the Continental Divide.

The eastern slopes, facing the plains of Montana, are almost bare of trees and covered only with bunch grass. At the summit the forests begin, and thickly clothe the western slopes and mountain ranges from there to the Pacific coast. From the summit, a distance of 340 miles, to Spokane, a railroad was built during 1891 and the early part of 1892. It is mountainous throughout, with grand scenic effects. The road descends the western slope of the Rockies by following a branch of the Flathead River,

As the great Flathead valley is neared the stream widens into a river of great beauty. Views of the valley caught from the train, as it winds along the mountain sides high above, reveal, far below, deep, still moving rivers, lakes, open plains, wooded parks and hills, the whole surrounded by high mountains. This is in northern Montana. Then the wonderful Kootenai River, with its stupendous falls, is encountered and followed into Idaho. Then the railroad runs down to the beautiful city of Spokane, in eastern Washington, and thence out upon the open plains that reach out to the Columbia River in the central part of the State. The construction of the last three hundred miles, from Spokane to Everett on Puget Sound, was begun July 19th, 1892, and pushed with great vigor to its recent close.

The scenery from the cañon of the Columbia over the Cascades is most varied and beautiful. The Tumwata Cañon of the Wenatchee River on the east and the deep, wooded valley of the Skykomish on the western slope of the Cascades are marvels of nature. Probably no more remarkable transition is ever seen than was viewed from the first special train on the morning of January 7th, which glided over the summit of Stevens Pass on the Cascades, through eight feet of snow, passed over the point of connection, where the last spike, had been driven, descended into the lower valleys where the snow is gradually disappearing, and finally, at sunset, reached the tide-water forests of Puget Sound, where the grass was green, flowers in bloom, and shrubbery in leaf. California used to lay sole claim to such wonders of varied climate, but the new State of Washington now divides that honor.

Standing on the docks at Everett, the terminus of the new line, just opposite the Juan de Fuca straits, and seeing the ships of all nations coming and going between the misty sunset headlands of Puget Sound, one is impressed with the future magnitude of this incipient commerce which is so fitly expressed in the poet's words:

"Across yon ocean ferryage,
O'er which the liquid spice airs blow
To these new ports of greater States,
Whose harvests rice-starved Asia waits,
What noble deeds shall art engage—
What silk ships come, what grain ships go!"

HERBERT HEYWOOD.



A VALENTINE.

EVERY saint must have a shrine,—
Where is yours, Saint Valentine?
For I fain would journey there,
Kneel, and offer up one prayer,
To beseech of you to aid
In my wooing of this maid
Unto whom this verse is sent
With its tender sentiment.

If your shrine I only knew
I might pray direct to you;
That were sure of more avail
Than a message sent by mail!
You might tell me Yes or No,
Bid me stay or bid me go;
As it is, I have to wait
Days before I learn my fate.

Still, my little song, depart
To that other shrine—her heart.
There, I bid you, pray and sing;
There, love's sweet confessions bring.
Beauty's shrine is this, and she
Is the saint beloved by me,—
Tell her so when you confess.
Would I might her answer guess!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

NIAGARA'S WINTER SCENERY.

"Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung."

—Longfellow.

NIAGARA is strangely beautiful in its winter dress. Caught by the winds as it ascended, the spray from the falls has been dashed against the trees and shrubbery in Prospect Park, on Luna Island and Goat Island, and there it has been fastened by Winter's breath, making a grand and wonderful transformation scene. The delicate ice draperies and lace-work are shown in all their splendor. The nakedness of the trees has been robed with an icy covering, and presents an appearance as though hewn from purest marble. Each little twig has its pendent drops of ice.

From the cliff beside both the American and Horseshoe falls huge stalactitical masses of ice hang suspended, and add to the weirdness of the delightful scene. On the rocky talus before the American fall, and at the sides of both of the great falling bodies of water, as they pour down from the upper level of the river, great stalagmitical bodies of ice have formed. It is just to the north of the American fall that the big accessible ice mountain is growing day by day, and if severe cold weather continues its height will soon be such that if it were not for the greater roar of the fall a conversation might be carried on from its top with a friend in Prospect Park.

This ice-mountain is a massive formation. Day after day, when the atmosphere is of sufficient frigidity, the spray as it falls is congealed on its brow, and gradually the mound is enlarged. It rises far above the slope, as though aspiring to look over into the park and learn for itself where the never-ending body of water falling by its side comes from.

But the spray and the weather do not cease the union of their efforts with their modern mound-building. They have spread a glassy sheet of ice all over the debris slope, and this forms one of the finest toboggan slides in the world. Here little boys and big boys, little girls and big girls, youths, men, and women congregate to coast. On a pleasant afternoon the mountain-side is black with humanity. In the crowd many nationalities are represented. There is to be found the Canadian and the Englishman, the German and the Irishman, the Frenchman, Italian, and Spaniard—yes, and the Chinaman, for Niagara is the Mecca of tourists, and the ice scenery brings them to the falls. The present coasting place is the best and the longest in many years. It extends far out on the ice-bridge, and is comparatively free from humps. Toboggans, sleds, barrel-staves, boards, and barrel-stave bobs are used for coasting, and they dash like lightning down the hill. There are many upsets and collisions, but few accidents is the record of years. It is a noisy, happy crowd indeed that watches the coasters, and the cries to clear the way and the applauding cheers of the spectators add largely to the excitement and sport. Quite a few boys prefer skating to coasting, and some days many may be seen curving gracefully here and there about the foot of the mountain. The size of the mountain is so great that in all probability it will not have entirely disappeared before midsummer. Portions of previous mounds have been known to last until after July 4th.

On Tuesday, January 3d, an ice-bridge formed in the gorge below Prospect Park. The first person to cross the ice-bridge of 1893 was Jack McCloy, the famous guide. He left the American shore about eight o'clock Wednesday morning, January 4th, and picked his way over the icy hillocks and deep crevasses to the Canadian shore. The return trip, however, was made by way of the suspension bridge. As the ice-bridge held fast, many others followed McCloy's footsteps that afternoon, and on Thursday Miss Emma Wiedenmann, of Niagara Falls, accompanied by a gentleman friend, left the American shore and crossed the icy structure to Canada, and returned the same way. Miss Wiedenmann has the honor of being the first lady to make the perilous trip this year.

The ice-bridge is a magnificent display of the power of small things when united. Many who visit these wonderful formations expect to find it composed of massive cakes of ice; but on the contrary, discover that there are few pieces to be found larger than a peck measure. It is this fact that makes the bridge all the more wonderful. The different manner in which visitors are impressed by Niagara's winter beauty is best illustrated by an incident that happened some years ago, when the park was private property, and Mr. Hans Nielson was president of the company in possession. While Mr. Nielson was in his office two well-dressed

ladies entered and, addressing him, inquired where the ice-bridge was, and informed him that they had come a long distance to see it. They had, they said, looked all along from the whirlpool rapids to the falls, but could not find it. When told that if they would step out to the river bank and look down below them in the gorge the much-sought object would be seen they expressed no little surprise, and said they had supposed the falling spray from the falls kept freezing and made a bridge so that people could cross from cliff to cliff. The absurdity of this idea is apparent to all who have visited Niagara and know that the tops of the cliffs are over two hundred feet above the water in the lower river. Certainly a bridge formed as these ladies had pictured it would command rare attention.

The crossing place is usually at the foot of the inclined railway, and it is very interesting indeed to stand on the cliff in the park and watch the serpent-like line of ambitious humanity, reaching from shore to shore, as it winds in and out, up and down the grandly uneven body.

Those who have watched the coming and going of many bridges state that before breaking up and passing down the river the bridges usually wear full of holes and gradually break away. In figuring the thickness of these remarkable formations it is usually estimated that only about one-third of the body of the ice is to be seen above the surface of the water. Crevasses thirty feet deep are common, and this would make the thickness of the bridge about ninety feet. As you stroll along its surface it is not difficult to imagine yourself in Switzerland, the home of glaciers and avalanches.

One thing, however, that mars such an imagination is the town site that has been established on the ice-bridge in midstream. There are seven rough board buildings, all facing down stream. These unpainted structures are a mystery to the visitor at first, but he soon learns that here can be purchased hot coffee, rolls, hot sausage, cigars, and Canadian whisky, or he may have his photograph taken. The proprietors of these stands do not have licenses, and therefore do not, for the time being, recognize the law of either the Dominion of Canada or the United States. For all the buildings are insignificant in construction and appearance they have deep cellars—194 feet—and they are full of water. No effort has ever been made to disturb these establishments in their novel location.

Perhaps an ice jam never excited so much comment at Niagara as on March 29th, 1848, for on that day this most wonderful waterfall almost ran dry, and for a few hours scarcely any water passed over the falls. The winter of that year had been an exceptionally severe one, and ice of unusual thickness had formed on Lake Erie. The warm spring rains loosened this congealed mass, and on the day in question a brisk east wind drove the ice far up into the lake. Toward evening the wind suddenly veered round and blew a heavy gale from the west. This naturally turned the ice in its course, and bringing it down to the mouth of the Niagara River, piled it up in a solid, impenetrable wall. The outlet from Lake Erie was closed, and little or no water could escape. It took not many hours for the water below the frozen barrier to pass over the falls, and the next morning the residents of the vicinity witnessed a most extraordinary spectacle. The rapids above the falls were almost obliterated, and on all sides the black, rocky river-bed was visible. In a few hours there was a break in the ice and the water rushed downward, and Niagara was restored to the beauty it has ever since maintained.

ORRIN E. DUNLAP.

[We give elsewhere some illustrations of Niagara in winter dress, which will be appreciated by every reader. FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY is indebted to the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company and to the proprietors of the Prospect House for facilities in obtaining photographic views, and for other courtesies which contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the LESLIE party during their recent visit.]

Face Studies.

By STILETTO.

WE beg to announce that the graphological column has been discontinued, and readings will be given as premiums for subscriptions only. Any applicant sending us \$1 will be entitled to a minute and circumstantial reading of character from handwriting and the monthly edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, issued the first week in each month, for one year, or if preferred, the regular weekly edition for three months; 50 cents to a brief reading and the monthly edition for six months, or the weekly edition for three weeks.

Any person sending \$4 for a full yearly subscription to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, and

any photograph they may wish to have analyzed, will be furnished with a private reading of character from the same without extra charge. Such readings to be positively considered as strictly confidential, under no circumstances to be printed, and the photograph to be returned if desired. This opportunity is now for the first time offered to the reading public, and will be reserved for the benefit of our new subscribers for 1893. All communications to be addressed: Care Graphological Department, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HON. WILLIAM LINDSAY,

THE NEW SENATOR FROM KENTUCKY.

A FACE which in general expression speaks a habit of careful thought, and that a subject is thoroughly considered, dealt with systematically, and spoken of with caution and some reserve. The lips, compressed, do not tell all the thought of the wary brain, and indicate control acquired, by which the ardors of a warm nature are masked or held in check. The chin is firm but not aggressive, resistive, rather, and tenacious. The nose is indicative of a clear, easily receptive intellect and much individuality. The eyes are on guard, but would spring into life with speech. Language which can be energetic and clear lies beneath their steady gaze, and above is a brow indicative of mental activity, with the possibility of flashes of energy, brilliant in effect and strong in magnetic influence.

A SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

THE election of Judge Lindsay as the successor of John G. Carlisle in the Senate of the United States accords with the prevailing sentiment of the Kentucky Democracy. Kentucky, the State of Clay, Breckinridge, and Beck, has always chosen Senators of social, business, and political prominence and merit, and she has not departed from her rule in the election of Judge Lindsay. He was born September 4th, 1834, in Rockbridge County, Virginia, and is of Scotch ancestry. He began the practice of law in Clinton, Kentucky, having previously been a teacher. He joined the Confederacy when the Civil War began, and was a staff officer with the Second Kentucky brigade. His first political promotion was to the State Senate in 1867. From the Senate he went to the Bench as Judge of the Court of Appeals, and then, in 1876, became Chief Justice of Kentucky. He is described as a man of remarkable mental alertness, clever in debate, of ready wit and seemingly inexhaustible resources. Added to his mental power he has a physical magnificence, towering into six feet, with proportionate fullness, and having a face which wins him favor in any assemblage. Two years ago he was the leading candidate for United States Senator against Mr. Carlisle, resigning his seat on the State Bench to enter the contest. Judge Lindsay was appointed a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission by President Harrison, but declined.

FRANK B. GESSNER.

THE "VESUVIUS" TESTS.

NAVAL circles have been greatly interested in the trial of the pneumatic guns of the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*, which recently occurred at the naval station at Port Royal, South Carolina. The results of the tests, so far as reported, seem to have given satisfaction. On the first day twelve shots were fired, six at a range of two thousand yards and six at fifteen hundred yards, the three guns being fired in succession. No target was used on this occasion, but every shot fired would have struck a man-of-war at the distance designated by the trial board. On the second day the firing was at a range of one thousand yards, and was equally satisfactory in its results. At the five-hundred-yard range the firing was not at first as successful as at other ranges, but later the starboard gun was fired at that range and scored a bull's-eye. Subsequent trials were accepted as demonstrating the effectiveness of the guns, and the report of the board is expected to confirm this view. We give elsewhere a striking illustration of one of the tests.

THE NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

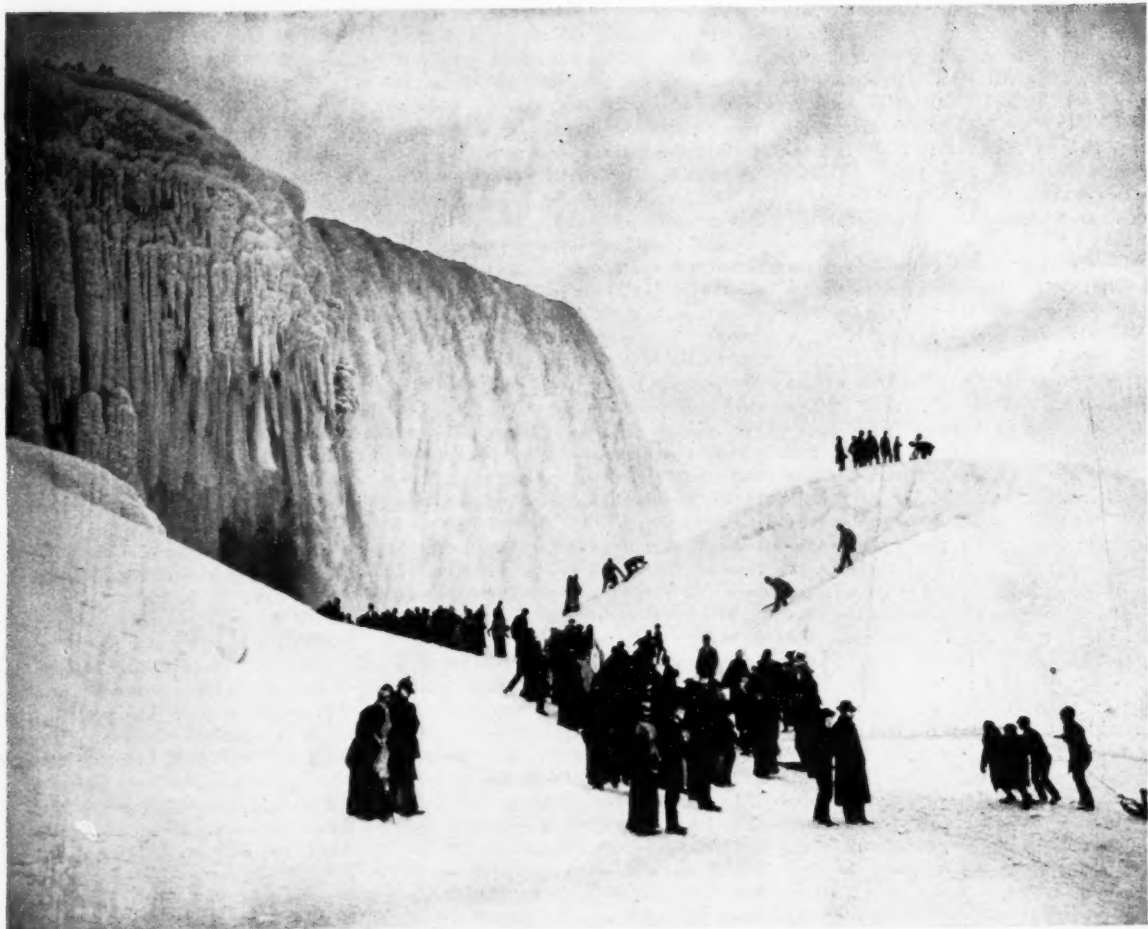
ACCORDING to the report of the New York Chamber of Commerce, the total foreign commerce of the country was greater by \$135,730,941 in 1892 than it was in 1891, while the excess of exports over imports was \$178,761,427. Contrasted with the Democratic statements of the late campaign as to the ruinous effects of our tariff and reciprocity policy, these figures have a very curious look. But they deal with and set forth actual facts, and that is something which some partisan newspapers are always reluctant to do. It will be fortunate for the country if the administration soon to come into power shall refrain from economic experiments likely to jeopardize the exceptional prosperity which all our substantial interests are now enjoying.



VISITORS VIEWING THE ICE-BRIDGE.



SHANTIES ON THE RIVER.



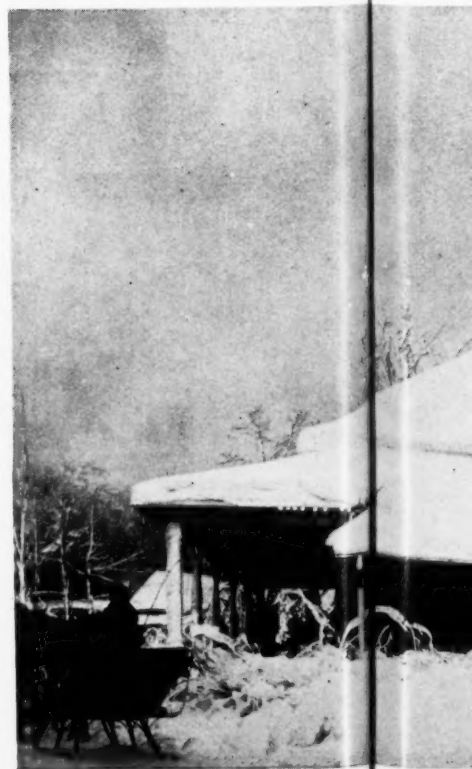
ASCENDING THE ICE-MOUND.



THE AMERICAN FALL FROM



THE FOOT-BRIDGE ON THE BRINK OF THE AMERICAN FALL.



MARVELOUS WORK OF THE FROST-KING AT NIAGARA—WINTER APPEARANCE OF THE FALLS—A TRIP TO THE GREAT CATARACT BY THE WO



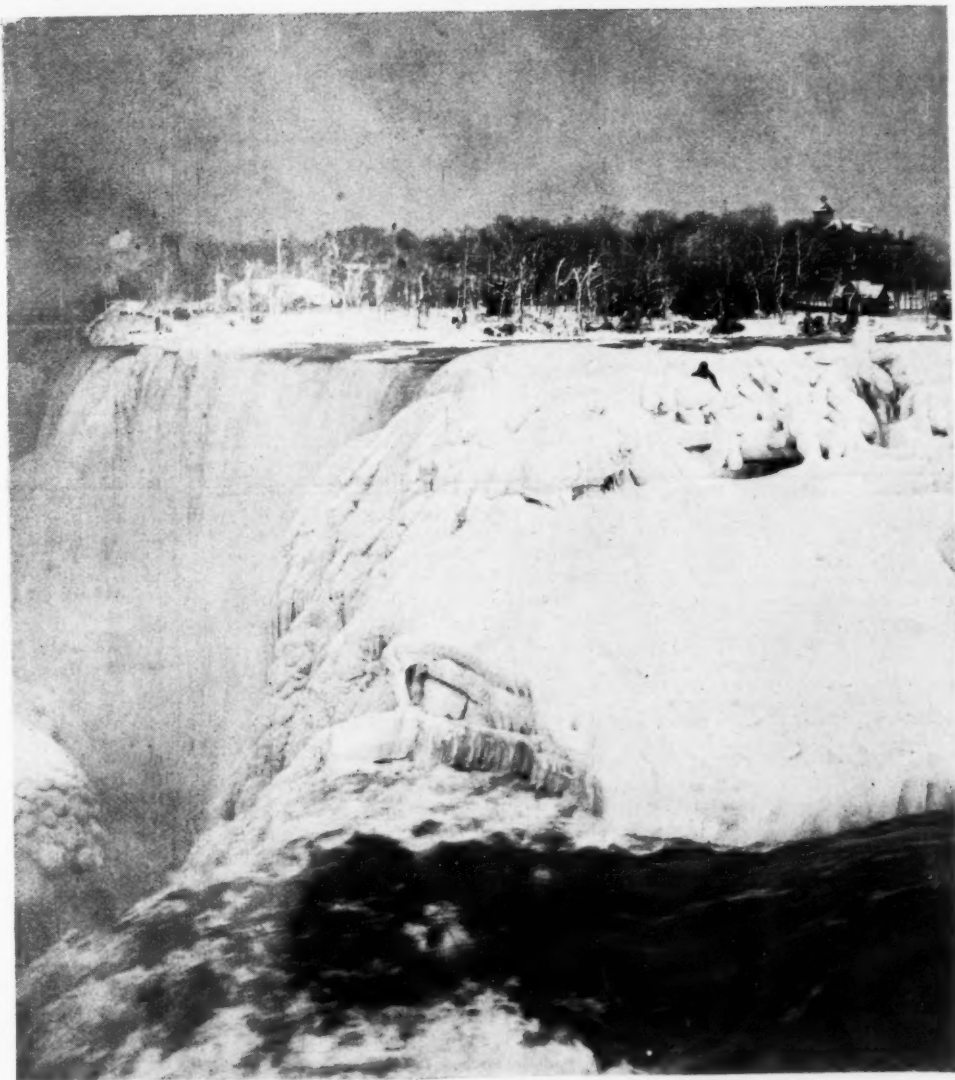
THE RIVER.



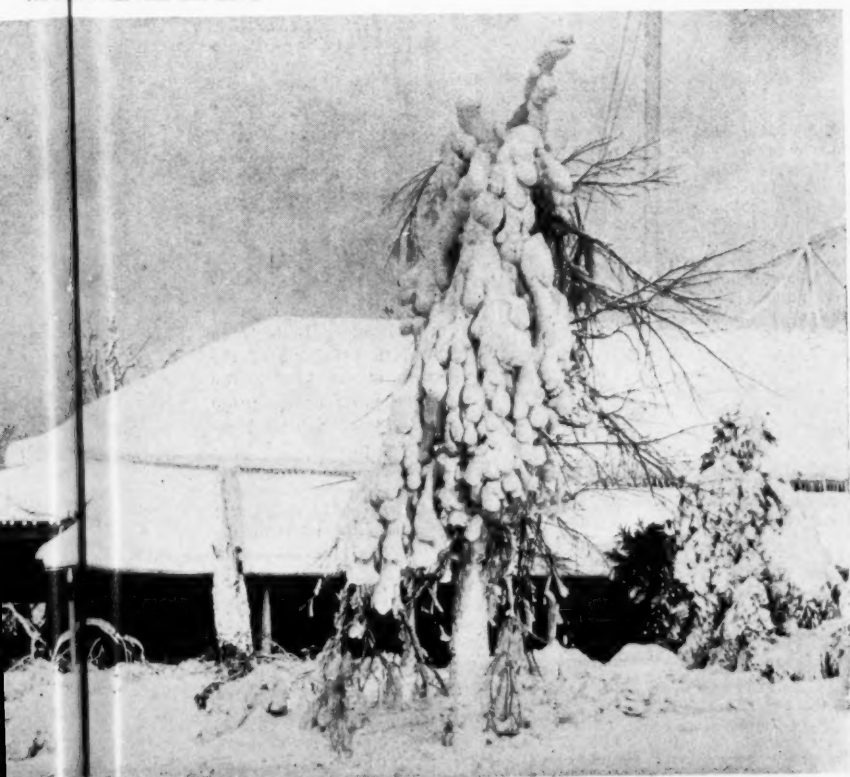
FROST-WORK.



THE AMERICAN FALL FROM GOAT ISLAND.



THE CREST OF THE AMERICAN FALL.



AT PROSPECT PARK.



HOW WE TRAVELED.

NEW YORK SOCIETY.—II.

WHO "THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY" ARE.

PERSONAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL REFERENCES TO NEW YORK'S EXCLUSIVE SOCIAL COMPANY.

THE history of the social movement that resulted in the organization of "The One Hundred and Fifty," and which was printed in last week's paper, was fairly complete and comprehensive. The movement in its inception and realization extends over a period of three or four years, and it was, therefore, not possible, within the limits of a single article, to go into many interesting details or to follow up some of the picturesque ramifications that might have been followed up, and might have been considered with a great deal of entertainment on the part of the reader, and perhaps some profit. A fairly adequate idea of the situation was presented, however, and now let me print the list of "The One Hundred and Fifty" men and women who were chosen under the circumstances that have been described. Here is the list corrected and adjusted up to date:

1-2, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt; 3-4, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt; 5, Gould Redmond; 6, August Belmont; 7, Winfield Scott Hoyt; 8-9, Mr. and Mrs. W. Seward Webb; 10-11, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Sloane; 12-13, Mr. and Mrs. H. McKay Twombly; 14-15, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard; 16, Miss Adele Sloane; 17, Mrs. H. S. Sloane; 18, Mr. George Vanderbilt; 19-20, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Schieffelin; 21-22, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt.

23-24, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills; 25, Mrs. Maturin Livingston; 26-27, Mr. and Mrs. Heber R. Bishop; 28, Miss Bishop; 29-30, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. D. Lanier, Jr.; 31-32, Mr. and Mrs. J. Low Harriman; 33-34, Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck.

35-36, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Bryce; 37-38, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Whitney; 39, Miss Whitney; 40-41, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Bronson; 42, Egerton L. Winthrop; 43, Thomas C. Winthrop; 44, F. B. Winthrop; 45-46, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan Winthrop; 47, Miss Winthrop; 48-49, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin; 50, Miss Martin; 51, F. T. Martin.

52-53, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bend; 54, Miss Amy Bend; 55, Miss Beatrice Bend; 56-57, Mr. and Mrs. J. Townsend Burden; 58, Miss Burden; 59-60, Mr. and Mrs. William Bayard Cutting; 61-62, Mr. and Mrs. George B. De Forest; 63-64, Mr. and Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger; 65-66, Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish; 67-68, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Franchlyn; 69-70, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Golet; 71-72, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Golet; 73-74, Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Iselin; 75-76, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Jones; 77, Miss Beatrice Jones; 78-79, Mr. and Mrs. Delancey Kane; 80-81, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Porter; 82-83, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler; 84-85, Mr. and Mrs. Byam K. Stevens; 86-87, Mr. and Mrs. W. Watts Sherman; 88-89, ex-Governor and Mrs. Wetmore; 90-91, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Wells; 92-93, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Waterbury.

94-95, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies; 96-97, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cannon; 98-99, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr.; 100-101, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Elliott; 102-103, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Howard; 104-105, Mr. and Mrs. Carly Havemeyer.

106, Frederick H. Allen; 107, Temple Bowdoin; 108, Thomas Cushing; 109, F. Bayard Cutting; 110, Harry Coster; 111, Colonel J. Schuyler Crosby; 112, Rawlings Cottenet; 113, DeCourcy Forbes; 114, J. C. Furman; 115, Augustus C. Gurnee; 116, Frank G. Griswold; 117, Nicholson Kane; 118, Arthur Llang; 119, Clement March; 120, Edward Post; 121, Richard Peters; 122, Julian Potter; 123, T. J. Oakley Rhineland; 124, Lisperand Stewart; 125, Barton Willing.

126, Miss Edith Cushing; 127, Miss Crosby; 128, Miss Jaffray; 129, Miss Teller; 130, Miss Cora Randolph; 131, Miss Mabel Van Rensselaer; 132, Miss Alice Van Rensselaer; 133, Miss Tooker; 134, Miss Willing.

135, Mrs. Paron Stevens; 136, Ward McAllister; 137, Mrs. Burke Roche; 138, Marquise de Talleyrand; 139, Mrs. William Jaffray; 140-141, Mr. and Mrs. Clement C. Moore; 142-143, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Newbold; 144-145, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Marshall; 146, James Otis; 147-148, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pendleton; 149-150, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews.

This list is divided into groups. These are the Vanderbilts and their relatives, the Milses and their relatives, the leaders of the "One Hundred and Fifty" who served as the examining committee, the families who entertain, the young married people, the bachelors and widowers, the young girls, and lastly the members of the aggregation who do not naturally come into any of these classifications.

Before making any personal notice of the individual members of this interesting aggregation, it should be pointed out and thoroughly understood that "The One Hundred and Fifty" cannot, in the nature of things, ever attain to the inelastic proportions of a fixed quantity. Death and marriage, financial embarrassment, and even divorce, are constantly, as some writers would say, "in their midst."

Mrs. William Astor, for example, and Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who were members of "The One Hundred and Fifty" last year, are this year in mourning, because of the death last winter of William Astor, and "The One Hundred and Fifty" catalogue, therefore, does not contain their names. On the other hand, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Franchlyn, who were not in "The One Hundred and Fifty," or even in the Four Hundred, several years ago, because of financial complications into which Mr. Franchlyn was plunged in 1887, are now bright and shining examples of the most exclusive social contingent of the metropolis. Mr. Franchlyn, it will be remembered, was accused by his kinsman, Sir Bache Cunard, of losing several hundred thousand dollars of Cunard's money in Western silver mines, and for some time Mr. Franchlyn was familiar with the inside appointments of Ludlow Street Jail. And so the absence of many people and the presence of still other people might be made the subject of additional explanations, and these explanations would always be of an interesting and historical character. For the reasons indicated, therefore, the make-up of "The One Hundred and Fifty" is constantly undergoing changes, not to say transformations, and "The One Hundred and Fifty" of one season is by no means "The One Hundred and Fifty" of the social season following.

In commenting on "The One Hundred and Fifty" aggregation and its component parts, the most casual analysis will impress the thoughtful student with the fact that a very considerable Vanderbilt percentage enters into its composition. Without further analysis than this it may be said at once that the exclusive society of New York is to a great extent a Vanderbilt society. A few years ago society people were describing the social season as a Vanderbilt winter, because the smartest and most elaborate entertainments were those given by the Vanderbilt families, and everybody was seeking invitations. Other entertainments were occurring, however, the same winter, and the supremacy of the Vanderbilts was not yet acknowledged, but those who are not now on the Vanderbilt invitation-list must either rally around the Patriarch Bails and their leader, Ward McAllister, or not be in society at all.

Returning to the analysis of "The One Hundred and Fifty," it is shown that ten per cent, of it, or even more, is made up of the Vanderbilts, and the immediate Vanderbilt following represent nearly one-half of the remainder. Of the Vanderbilts, there are four direct men representatives of the family, and three of them are married. These are Cornelius, William K., Frederick, and George. Then there are four Vanderbilt women with their husbands and families. These women are all daughters of the late William H. Vanderbilt. They are Mrs. William D. Sloane, Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, Mrs. H. McKay Twombly, and Mrs. Dr. Seward Webb. Mrs. Sloane has a daughter who is a *débutante*, and the Shepards have a daughter married to young Schieffelin. Besides all this, Mrs. Sloane has a sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry S. Sloane, who was a Miss Robbins of Brooklyn, and who belongs very much to the Vanderbilt circle. It will be seen from this list that above twenty of "The One Hundred and Fifty" are directly Vanderbilts, and at least twenty more could be pointed out who are related to the Vanderbilts in some very direct way.

Outside of the Vanderbilts, the leading members of "The One Hundred and Fifty" are the people who rally around Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Bronson, and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin. Generally speaking, these are Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Bryce, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cavendish Bentinck, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Mr. and Mrs. J. Townsend Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. George B. DeForest, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Carly Havemeyer, and Mr. and Mrs. James Lanier.

Mrs. Ogden Mills, who is a very aggressive and ambitious little woman, and who has always had ultra-fashionable tendencies, and Mrs. Frederic Bronson, are the leading representatives of "The One Hundred and Fifty," who are at the same time representatives of the old families of New York. Although Mrs. Mills is married to the son of a California millionaire, she was a Miss Livingston before marriage, and the daughter of Maturin Livingston, and traces her American pedigree back to ante-Revolutionary times. Mrs. Frederic Bronson was Sarah Gracie King, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Gracie King, who inhabit an historical castle overlooking the Hudson at Weehawken, and Mrs. Bronson is lineally descended from Rufus King and the other famous Kings of American history. Moreover, on her mother's side Mrs. Bronson is a Duer, and a descendant of the famous beauty, Lady Kittie Duer. Of the people I have mentioned as belonging to this genealogical division of "The One Hundred and Fifty," Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, it should be stated, is the sister of Mrs. Ogden Mills, and was also a Miss Livingston. She married Cavendish Bentinck, son of the well known Englishman whose name he bears. Mrs. Lloyd Bryce, who is particularly devoted to Mrs. Ogden Mills, is the eldest daughter of Edward Cooper, and, therefore, granddaughter of Peter Cooper, and will undoubtedly in time succeed to a great fortune. After the Vanderbilt contingent in "The One Hundred and Fifty" and the representatives of the old families, the most interesting members of the aggregation to the ordinary observer are Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Townsend Burden, and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Whitney.

The Bradley Martins are in society because several years ago, when they were very much on the outside, they determined to get into society, and formulated deliberate and intelligent plans for the accomplishment of their determination. And they were possessed of the necessary persistency and necessary wealth to carry these plans into execution. The origin of the Bradley Martins may be traced up the Hudson River to Albany and Troy. Mr. Bradley Martin was a small official in an Albany bank during his young manhood. Mrs. Bradley Martin was the daughter of Isaac Sherman, who hailed originally from the town of Sherrills, and who spent most of his business career in New York. At first Isaac Sherman was a cooper. I do not mean to say that he was any relation of the Coopers or the Hewitts, but his business was the making and selling of barrels. It was a profitable business, and he invested the profits in railroad bonds, and when he died he cut up, to use an English expression, for five or six million dollars. And this is the wealth of the Bradley Martins to-day. After the death of old Mr. Sherman they established themselves in New York and began to pay attention to New York society. At first New York society was very shy, but the Bradley Martins disbursed their wealth with so liberal, not to say lavish, a hand, and gave such superb dinners and entertainments, that the smart set was piqued into curiosity, and, one after another, ventured timidly into the Bradley Martin drawing-rooms. After they had gotten there, the Bradley Martins catered to them so earnestly and so royally that the representatives of society were enchanted, and the social success of the Bradley Martins was assured.

After the Bradley Martins had secured their entrance into society they fought their way very promptly and very vigorously to the top. Mr. Bradley Martin did this by giving startling entertainments, that were unique in their appointments and extravagance in their various features, and then advertised the fact of their costly character very much after the fashion that theatrical managers advertise their enormous receipts. At one time it was no unusual thing for Bradley Martin to appear in the Union Club with a memorandum-book, telling how much he had spent on a ball or dinner, or how much he was going to spend, and convincing any one who would listen to him that no such social expenditures had ever occurred in New York before. Among these startling and theatrical entertainments the Bradley Martins gave a ball in their establishment in West Twenty-second Street, when the rear yard was covered with an impromptu structure for the convenience of the dancers, and magnificently decorated. This cost \$7,500. And every one will remember the cotillon dinner the Bradley Martins gave at Delmonico's several years ago, when three hundred people sat down at the various tables, and afterward danced for two or three hours, and then sat down at the tables again and had supper. The wines were of the choicest kind, and the floral decorations were costly and impressive in the last degree. This mixture of feasting and dancing and floral embellishments was said by Mr. Martin to have cost \$10,000. The Bradley Martins still further impressed New York society by shutting up their magnificent establishment every year and living abroad after a fashion that can only be described as royal. They had their hotel in Paris, and their house in London during the London season, and when the London season was over they repaired to their Scotch estate, Balmacran, and took with them a company of dukes and earls, and princes of the reigning house of England, who were invited to slaughter the game on the estate without any limitation as to kind or quantity. These are, of course, intimate personal details. The only excuse for printing them is that they are furnished by Bradley Martin himself. He communicates them to his friends during conversation and by means of letters when abroad, and they pass them in, presumably under a tacit understanding with Mr. Martin. In other words, the Martins, the Townsends Burdens, and other society people pose before the public, and engineer for advertisement precisely as do certain players on the stage. Their society entertainments are theatrical in their character. As there are no receipts, however, they give out to the public their expenditures in order to excite wonder and admiration. The only difference between the stars of society and the stars of the stage is, that up to date the Bradley Martins and their associates do not employ press agents. They do their own newspaper booming.

After persisting in this unique programme that has been described, for two or three years, the Bradley Martins thought they were in a position to winnow and sort over New York society, and to determine who were eligible to the intellectual conversation and companionship of the Bradley Martins. They had arrived at a point, according to their ideas, when they were able to cut down society that at one time was disposed to cut down them, and the story is to the effect that Mr. Bradley Martin called at the house of Mrs. Frederic Bronson one afternoon, and, taking the gold pencil attached to his watch-chain and holding it in his aristocratic fingers, he went over the list of Ward McAllister's Four Hundred, and crossed out in black lead the names of two hundred and fifty people that Bradley Martin did not think were entitled to any social existence. This list, as already intimated, was still further adjusted and endorsed by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, and Mrs. Ogden Mills, and the Bradley Martin list, thus made and amended, is the backbone of "The One Hundred and Fifty" list to-day, which is printed at the head of this article.

The Townsend Burdens are quite as interesting in

their way as the Bradley Martins, although in a way entirely different. The Burdens came from Troy, and their wealth was accumulated in the horseshoe business. The business was established by the father of Townsend Burden, or "Townie" Burden, as he is familiarly known, and is now carried on by managers and representatives. It is said to yield a revenue of three hundred thousand dollars a year, and this is divided between J. Townsend Burden and his brother, James Abercrombie Burden, who, by the way, are deadly enemies. The "Townie" Burdens are not brilliant and aggressive and compelling, like the Bradley Martins. They owe their position in society to-day almost altogether to the magnificent establishment they keep up at 5 Madison Square, North, and the enormous expenditures made in connection with it. Mrs. Townsend Burden was Evelyn B. Moale, of Baltimore. She is a sister, I believe, of Mrs. Robert L. Cutting, who lives permanently in Paris, at 6 Rue Presbourg. Mrs. Burden is, therefore, an aunt of Robert L. Cutting, Jr., who married Minnie Seligman, the actress, and is now touring the country in a production of "My Official Wife," and extorting exclamations of pain and astonishment on all sides because of the badness of his acting. The social success of the "Townie" Burdens is not in any way attributable, however, to the distinguished character of their family connections. It is to be traced directly, as I have said, to the fact of the superb entertainments they give their friends in society, and their lavish expenditures generally.

Some of the details of these expenditures that have become publicly known are interesting. Mr. Burden is responsible, I believe, for the statement that his annual expenditures for living approach \$200,000. A few years ago a statement that August Belmont was spending a hundred thousand dollars a year was heard with surprise on every side, and prompted all kinds of wondering comments. If Mr. Burden spends twice that amount (and he himself has said it), it indicates how thoroughly changed and improved are all the conditions of living over what they used to be. Among the items included in this expenditure are \$20,000 for the Burden stable, \$8,000 a year for servants, and \$20,000 a year for clothes. It will be interesting to everybody to know that of this \$200,000 Mr. Burden spends \$2,000 for his own clothes, and the remainder is spent on the wardrobe of his wife and daughter. His actual living expenses are about \$15,000 a year—that is to say, the bills of the butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers in New York and Newport aggregate that amount annually. With all his expenditures on this level, it is a matter of course that the "Townie" Burdens are important figures in New York social life. It is, I believe, the "Townie" Burdens' dinner-table, already set and decorated for a social dinner, that furnishes the subject of the illustration in the *édition de luxe* of Ward McAllister's book, "Society as I Have Found It."

As for Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Whitney, who are also members of society's most exclusive circle, that is to say, "The One Hundred and Fifty," they represent not so much the achievement of extravagant expenditure and brilliant personal aggressiveness as they do of ingenuity and brains coupled with the command of unlimited wealth. Mr. Whitney did not start with his grandfather, but, as a mere matter of fact, he started with himself. And when he started, it should be said to his credit, he was a very inconsiderable personage in this great city of New York. His marriage was, from a financial point of view, a brilliant one. His wife was a Miss Payne, and a daughter of a Standard Oil magnate who hails from Ohio. After they started here they purchased their present residence, one of the most beautiful houses in the city. When the Whitneys went to Washington and gave official entertainments there, and gave entertainments of a kind almost unprecedented at the capital, by reason of their costly character, the social experiment of the Whitneys was at an end. Their position had been secured, and they used it; and they have kept it without offense and without ostentation.

It would be interesting to say something of the remaining members of "The One Hundred and Fifty," but too much space would be occupied. It may be said generally that "The One Hundred and Fifty" circle is completed by the belles, made up of the *débutantes*, and the girls who have been out two seasons; by the most brilliant young men in town, who are in many cases accomplished cotillon leaders, and by the young married people, such as Mr. and Mrs. James D. Lanier, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Baylies, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Elliott, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Howard. Mrs. Elliott was the celebrated beauty, Miss Sallie Hargous, and Mrs. Howard was "Spriggy Post," a niece of Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt.

Even since this list was made up Mrs. W. C. Whitney has passed over to the silent majority, followed by the love and grief of a peculiarly wide circle of friends.

H. S. HEWITT.

THE READING RAILROAD NEW TERMINAL STATION.

We give elsewhere illustrations of the new terminal station of the Reading Railway in Philadelphia, which will rank as one of the most imposing structures of the kind in the country. For twenty-five years or more the Twelfth Street, or Farmers, market was a landmark in the eyes of every good Philadelphia housekeeper. When the Reading sought for its new terminal no piece of property so well adapted by location and size could be found, and after securing the consent of the city councils to construct a brick and stone viaduct diagonally across the city, the railroad company bought the market house, which covered the ground between Filbert and Market, and also secured by purchase the contiguous property between Filbert and Arch streets. In choosing the style of architecture for this building an effort was made to depart from the offensive severity of the usual railway station, and the Italian Renaissance of the late period was chosen. Thus the building more closely resembles a great opera-house or public library. It fronts on Market Street, is eight stories high, the first four stories of pink granite, and the remaining four of light brick and terra-cotta.

The main entrance, with the exception of the

six entrances to the station which are on a level with the sidewalk, is a few steps above the street. Above the entrances are six large arched windows, the entrances and windows projecting a slight distance beyond the upper four stories of the central front, which is surmounted by a clock and a group of statuary. Groups of statuary also ornament each of the wings of the building. The basement of the Market Street end will be utilized by stores, with fine glass fronts, and in every way light and airy. On the first floor are the ticket offices, the baggage-rooms, and a large passenger lobby, and also several offices for bureaus of the company's service. The second floor contains the general waiting-room, 100 by 75 feet, with the ladies'-room, 44 by 56 feet; to the right is the dining-room, and to the left the restaurant. In front is a balcony overlooking Market Street, which will be a delightful spot in pleasant weather for belated passengers to while away the time. Between the second and third floors is a half-story containing offices of the terminal company. The remaining floors will be devoted to the general offices of the company, heretofore at 227 South Fourth Street. The building has a frontage on Market Street of 226 feet, is 100 feet deep, and 132 feet high from basement to top of cornice. Our illustration shows the Arch Street end, with the market house in the basement, where all good Philadelphians buy Sharpless or Darlington butter, dry-picked poultry, and Chester County eggs. Were a Philadelphia *spiritus redivivus*, like Rip Van Winkle, to visit the neighborhood of Twelfth and Market streets he would indeed have to call upon his memory to place himself—a great new railroad station, a new hotel opposite to it; across Market Street the Girard Trust's fine business block, all of which are reminders of a new blood that is slowly but surely coursing through the veins of old Philadelphia.

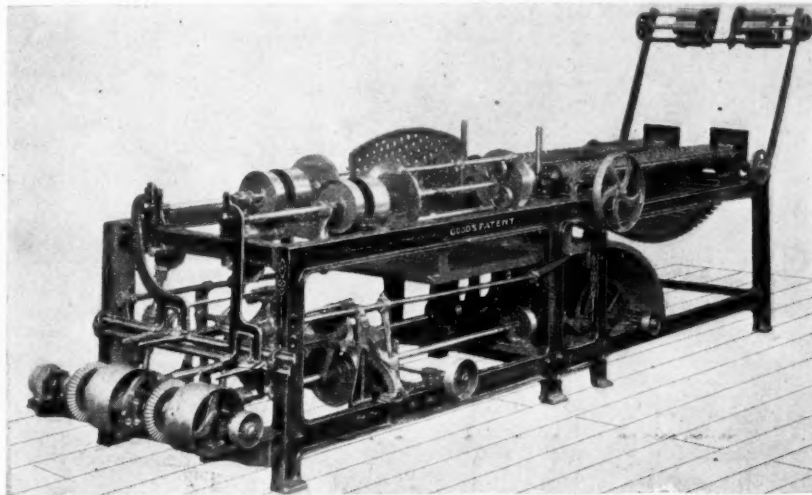
The cost of the new terminal station to the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, including the viaduct, will be about eight million dollars.

COUNT JOHN GOOD.

HIS INVENTIONS, AND THE REVOLUTIONIZING OF THE CORDAGE MANUFACTURE.

TRAVELERS in Mexico to-day may see the natives at work rolling the fibres of the sisal hemp into strands against their naked thighs, and spinning and twisting it by hand into an excellent quality of rope. This is the primitive method of cordage manufacture—identical in principle with that practiced by the Egyptians four thousand years ago, when they wove grasses and palm-tree fibres into the ropes which played so important a part in their great building and engineering operations. The army of Xerxes crossed the Hellespont on cables of white flax and papyrus. The cordage industry is prominent among all modern nations, and the "ropewalk" is a familiar landmark on our own continent ever since the time of Joseph Wilcox, whose extensive establishments in this line at Philadelphia are noticed in the "History of

came to this country at the age of seven years, and served his apprenticeship in an old-fashioned ropewalk in Brooklyn. Later he became a machinist; and, combining the knowledge of the two trades, he turned his attention, during the progress of the Civil War, to the invention of machines for combing and lapping hemp, preparing fibres, drawing them into "slivers," and spinning fine cord. His first patent in the United States, bearing date October, 1869, was a "breaker," devised to break the vegetable fibres used in rope-making. After the fibre has passed through the first breaker it is carried into a second, thence consecutively through the first and second spreaders, the drawing frames, the spinning jenny, the forming frame, the laying machine, and finally, in its complete development as cordage, fed into the coiling machine, whence



THE JENNY FOR THE MAKING OF BINDING TWINE.

it issues coiled and ready for shipment. The machines performing these various operations, sufficiently indicated by their names, were all invented and perfected by Mr. Good.

Two of Mr. Good's typical machines are shown in the illustrations accompanying these notes. In the spreader, the raw material is delivered by one belt of pins, the lowermost portion of which is operative, with its pins presented downward, to a second belt, the uppermost portion of which is operative. The guiding rails of each belt are carried beyond the chain wheels, and so provided with cam surfaces, and dogs holding the pin bars so constructed with channels and studs as to secure a vertical withdrawal and insertion of the pins from and into the sliver. A plate is made to work vertically between the bars of the first belt to clean its pins of sliver.

The jenny, used chiefly in the manufacture of binding-twine, is associated with another invention of Mr. Good's, bearing upon agricultural rather than mechanical interests. From the time of the introduction of harvesting machinery up to quite a recent period the sheaves of grain were bound with wire. This was un-

his own invention, which has relegated the old-fashioned rope-walk to the innocuous desuetude of the stage-coach and the spinning-wheel, and which is to-day sent out from his mammoth machine-shops in Brooklyn to every quarter of the globe.

In 1885 he erected the large plant at Ravenswood, Long Island, which has since served as the model for similar establishments started by him in England, Germany, Italy, and France—and entered the field of cordage manufacturing. His business, from the outset, assumed such immense proportions that when, in 1887, the famous Cordage Trust was organized, under the name of the National Cordage-makers' Association, a compromise was arranged with Mr. Good, at first on a basis of paying him \$200,000 per annum to withdraw the competition of his

works by temporarily shutting them down; and afterward by the product of his mills being turned over to the association, to prevent his competition in the open market. These arrangements came to a definite termination, however, more than a year ago, and Mr. Good resumed the operation of his mills independently of any connection with association or trust. He is able to-day to supply two-thirds of the entire demand for cordage; and other cordage establishments are dependent upon him to such an extent that it has been estimated that there are not ten tons of the entire annual product of rope in this country that do not at some stage pass through one or more of the machines invented and let out on royalty by Mr. Good.

Personally Count Good is a fine type of the American business man—commanding in physical presence, firm and direct in address, quiet and courteous in manner. His city offices are models of tasteful elegance, and he has a picturesque country-seat at Far Rockaway, on "old Long Island's seagirt shore." His title of count represents a rare honor, both in the source from which it emanates and in the manner of its bestowal. It was the present Pope, Leo XIII., who conferred upon Mr. Good, in 1887, the title of "Count of the Holy Roman Empire," in recognition of his services in the cause of humanity through benefits to the laboring classes by means of his inventions; of his devotion to the interests of the Catholic Church, of which he is a member; and of his munificent gifts to charitable and religious institutions. The apostolic brief from Rome containing the formal announcement was publicly presented to Mr. Good, in the presence of an immense assemblage, in Brooklyn, April 19th, 1888. He is, we believe, the only living citizen of the United States who has been honored with a papal title higher than that of chevalier.

HENRY TYRRELL.

FOREIGN SUBJECTS

ILLUSTRATED.

A PICTURESQUE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

ON January 10th the English Princess Marie, daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, was wedded to Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, Crown Prince of Roumania, heir to that new minor kingdom of eastern Europe, on the shores of the lower Danube and the Euxine Sea. The marriage was celebrated in the old castle of Sigmaringen, the chief town of that detached hereditary dominion of the Prussian royal and imperial Hohenzollern family which lies in South Germany, between the Kingdom of Württemberg and the Grand Duchy of Baden. The proceedings on the wedding-day were rendered unusually complex by the necessity of a threefold rite or form of union between the bride and bridegroom; she belonging to the Church of England, he to the Roman Catholic

Church, and the laws of Prussia requiring a previous civil marriage. The attendance of many royal, imperial, and high official personages, representing the great Powers of Europe, lent an impressive and spectacular solemnity to the event. Another picture, akin to this marriage, shows the peasantry of a Roumanian village in the Balkans celebrating a saint's day by dancing the *hora*. The Roumanian costume, particularly that of the women—in which Prince Ferdinand's bride has already been photographed with charming effect—is orientally picturesque.

SIGHT-SEERS IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

That ancient landmark, the Tower of London, converted into a national museum of British history, is the one sight of the modern Babylon that no tourist or provincial visitor ever misses. Our illustration shows the throng there on one of the "free days" in holiday time. They are gazing in awed admiration upon the equestrian model representing Queen Elizabeth as she appeared on her way to St. Paul's to give thanks for the victory over the Spanish Armada. The great sovereign, in the dress of her period, mounted upon a fantastic horse held by a wooden page, seems very real and majestic to her ingenuous admirers.

THE MISSING WORD.

The "missing-word" contest, such as is at the present moment engaging the attention of the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY, had its origin in England, where it is still enjoying enormous vogue. Old and young find interest, as well as occasional profit, in it: whence the inspiration of the very pretty picture, drawn by John Adamson, which we reproduce among our foreign illustrations.

THE FRENCH IN DAHOMEY.

From the Paris *Illustration* is taken the striking but ghastly view of the "House of Sacrifice" of the Dahomeyan kings, where the relics of their victims are preserved. This African Golgotha is situated at Cana, near the capital, Abomey, lately taken by the French under General Dodds.

THE NEW SUPREME

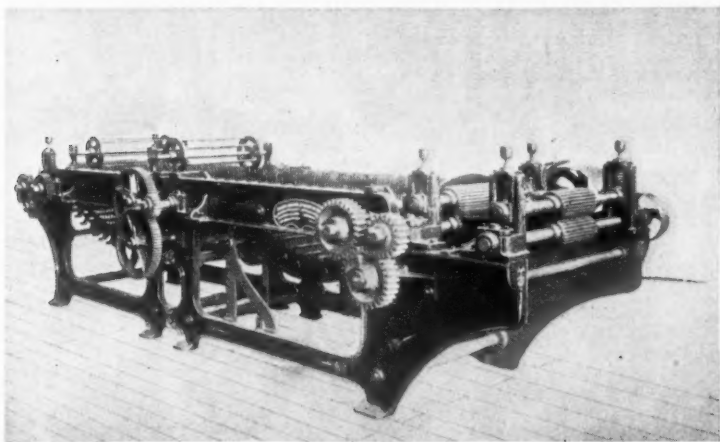
COURT JUSTICE.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has again disappointed the politicians by his nomination of Hon. Howell E. Jackson, of Tennessee, to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court in place of Judge



HON. HOWELL E. JACKSON, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.—PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.

Lamar, recently deceased. The Democrats have stoutly insisted that it would be entirely improper for the President to make a nomination so near the close of his term. The Republicans, on the other hand, had quite generally expected that he would nominate one of that party faithful to the office. In the nomination of Judge Jackson he has merely asserted his rightful authority and maintained the standard capacity heretofore observed by him in all judicial appointments. The appointee is now Judge of the United States Court of the district embracing Tennessee. He is a native of that State, where he was born in 1832. He had a university education, and was for years prominent at the Bar. He served on the supreme Bench by appointment, and was a member of the United States Senate from 1881 to 1886, when he resigned his place to become United States Circuit Judge. He is a man of large ability, industrious, painstaking, and of stainless character. As judge he has been distinguished for fairness and legal acumen in the consideration of questions arising before him.



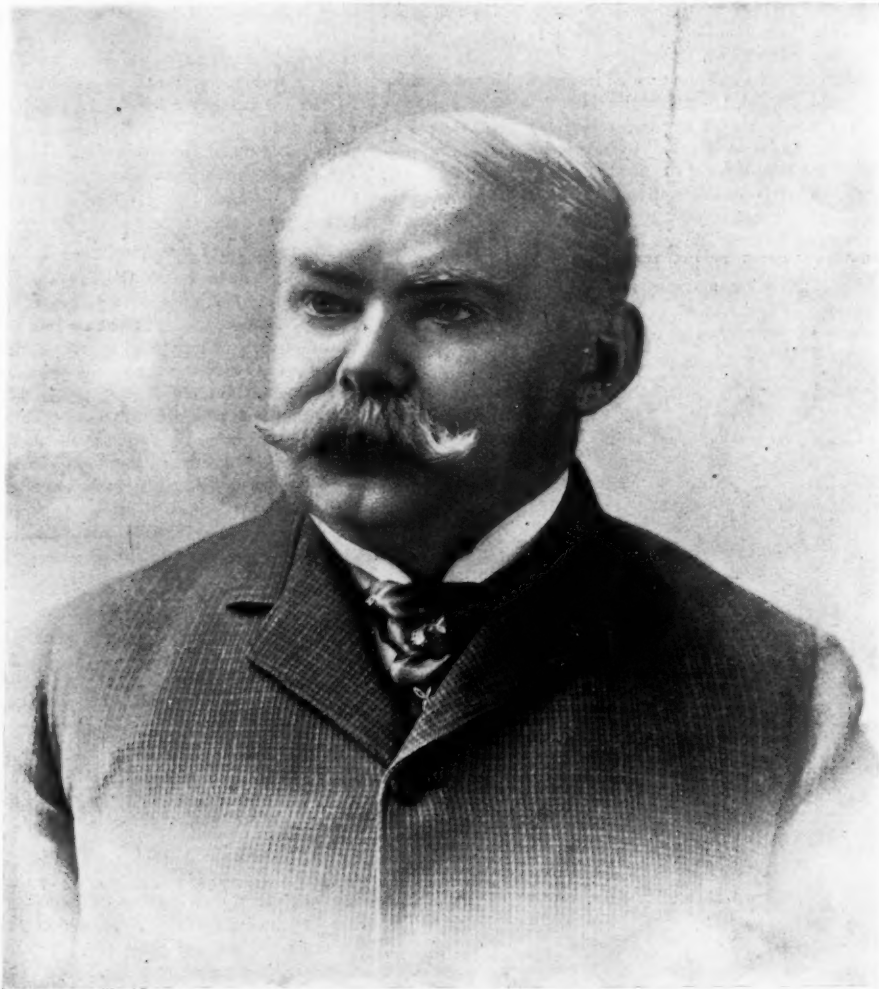
THE SPREADING-MACHINE FOR SPREADING ANY KIND OF MATERIAL FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF ROPE.

Pennsylvania and West New Jersey," by Gabriel Thomas (London, 1698).

Yet it is a singular fact that through all these ages and all these lands, the processes of manufacture were not essentially improved. Up to within a quarter of a century since, the various preparative operations, such as combing and straightening the hemp fibres, "breaking," "spreading," drawing and spinning them into cordage, were all laboriously accomplished by hand. Then, in America, the home of inventions, came the practical genius which revolutionized this universal industry. It came in the person of John Good, who, born in Ireland in 1844,

satisfactory in various ways, particularly on account of fragments of the metal getting continually mixed with the feed of cattle. Mr. Good provided an effectual remedy by substituting for the wire a binding-twine made of sisal hemp, the fibre of the century-plant (*agave Americana*), grown principally in Mexico and Central America. The importance of this manufacture, and the improved facilities for its production, may be appreciated from the single statement that during the last year the sales of binding-twine amounted to \$16,000,000.

Until a few years ago Mr. Good was a manufacturer of machinery only—the machinery of



COUNT JOHN GOOD, WHOSE INVENTIONS HAVE REVOLUTIONIZED THE CORDAGE MANUFACTURE.—PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.—[SEE PAGE 107.]



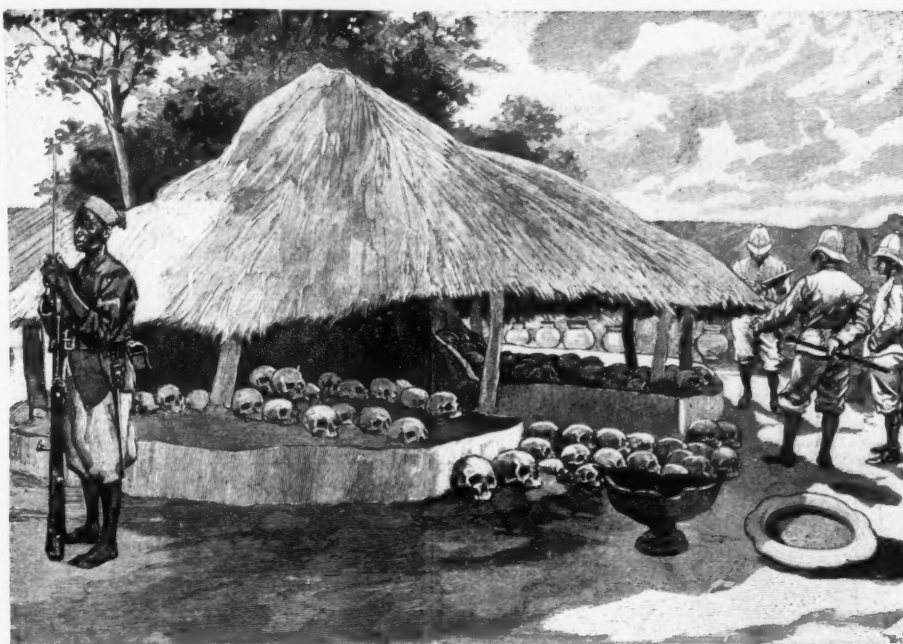
HON. WILLIAM LINDSAY, SUCCESSOR OF JOHN G. CARLISLE AS UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM KENTUCKY.
PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTERN.—[SEE PAGE 103.]



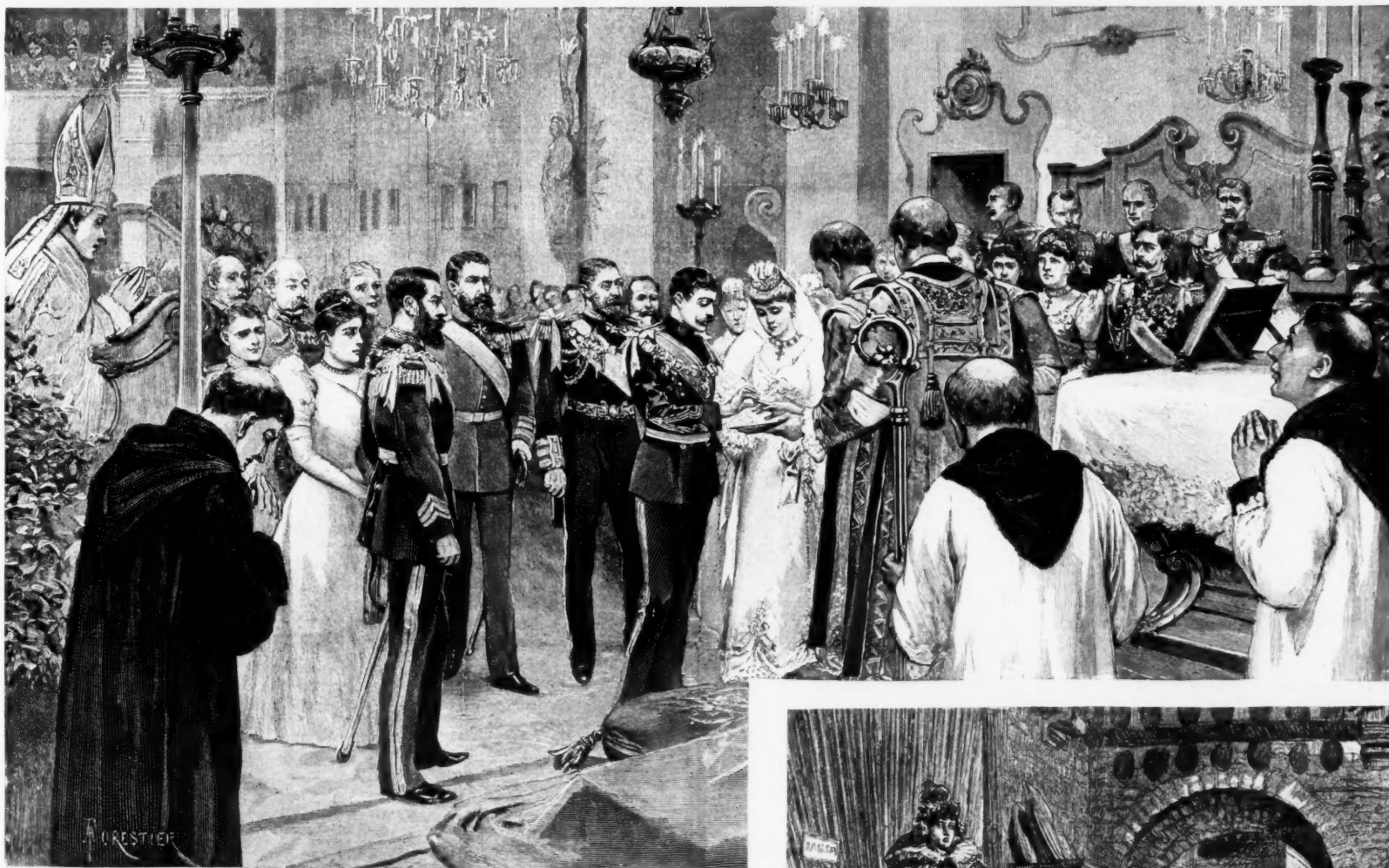
ANOTHER TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY—DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS OF WASHINGTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LE MONYON.—[SEE PAGE 102.]



THE MISSING WORD—SCENE FROM A POPULAR COMPETITION.



THE FRENCH IN DAHOMEY—HOUSE OF SACRIFICE, AT CANA.



MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH AND THE CROWN PRINCE FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA, AT SIGMARINGEN.



ROUMANIAN PEASANTS DANCING THE "HORA" IN A BALKAN VILLAGE.



SIGHT-SEEING IN LONDON—A VISIT TO THE TOWER.

INTERESTING FOREIGN EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.—[SEE PAGE 107.]

HOW TO VISIT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

This is the title of an illustrated "folder" issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway for the benefit of all Western people who intend to visit Chicago from May to October, 1893.

It tells the cost of getting there and how to go. It tells what to do about baggage, about places to eat and sleep; how to get to the Fair grounds, and it gives many other items of useful information.

Send your address with a two-cent stamp, and ask for a "World's Fair Folder." George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for thirty years. Your grocer and druggist sell it.

Disagreeable sensations resulting from cough vanish before Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

No well-regulated household should be without Dr. Siebert's Angostura Bitters.

You cannot deny facts, and it is a fact that Salvation Oil is the greatest pain cure. 25 cents.

ATTRACTIVE TOURS TO THE NEAR SOUTH

VIA THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The advantageous season of the year, and the attractive destinations fixed for the tour to the near South on February 9th, make it one of the most desirable of pleasure trips. The territory traversed is the most attractive and historical portion of the Union, embracing, as it does, a picturesque route, the military post of Old Point Comfort, the beautiful resort of Virginia Beach, and the cities of Richmond and Washington. The rates of \$45 from New York and \$42.50 from Philadelphia cover railroad fare, hotel accommodations, and all necessary expenses during the entire time of nine days spent on the tour. For an extended tour to Washington an exceptional opportunity is offered on February 16th. Seven days will be spent on the trip. The rates, including transportation, hotel accommodations, transfers, carriage ride, and a trip to Mt. Vernon, are very low. This tour affords ample time for thoroughly viewing and resting at the nation's handsomest city. Further information furnished on application to Tourist Agents, 549 Broadway, New York; 560 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; and 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, or ticket agents, Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is prescribed by leading physicians everywhere for ailments that are causing rapid loss of flesh and vital strength.

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CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies, when the best physicians fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor, eruption, and disease from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. How to Cure Skin Diseases mailed free.

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1,800,000 bbls. yearly brew, 2 bus. to 1 bbl. of beer, total bus. per year,	3,600,000	1,800,000 bbls. yearly brew, 1-1-4 lbs. to bbl. beer, or, total lbs. per year,	2,250,000

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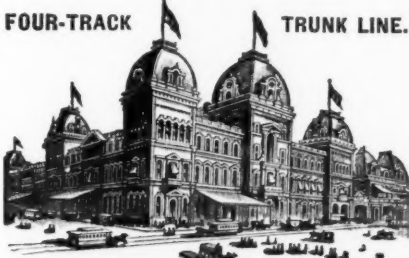
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